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HON. WILLIAM M. GWIN, OF CALIFORNIA.

The Golden State is represented in the Senate of the United States by a gentleman of wide experience, thorough culture, and great perseverance. William M. Gwin was born on the 9th of September, 1805, in Sumner County, Tennessee. He is the son of a clergyman of the Methodist Episcopal Church, Rev. James Gwin, who enjoyed a wide celebrity in the Southwestern States, and whose calling and experience led him to desire that his son should be furnished with a thorough education. His father placed him under competent instructors, and himself superintended his mental training. He was severely drilled in mathematics, and early displayed a great aptitude for geometrical discussions. Indeed, he evinced a remarkable fondness for all branches of study, and thoroughly investigated the natural sciences and the classics. He finally graduated in the Medical School of Transylvania University. For some time he pursued his profession in Nashville, Tennessee, but his attention was much taken up with the study of the law, which he engaged in with great avidity, reading thoroughly the American and English commentators, and comparing the institutions of England and America. He was subsequently admitted to the bar; but he never, as has been erroneously stated, practiced in the legal profession.

Early in life Mr. Gwin was favored with the friendship of General Jackson, who knew him from his infancy, and had observed with pleasure the development of his mind. His industrious habits and strict reliability suited the old hero, who, during his Presidency, in 1833, appointed Mr. Gwin to the responsible position of United States Marshal for the State of Mississippi. Unfortunately this office afterward proved almost ruinous to his private fortune. He was continued in this position during the Presidency of General Jackson and under Mr. Van Buren. In discharging his duties he was often pained by the distress he witnessed; and in a number of instances he became security for his friends, and took from others worthless paper currency in satisfaction for executions. At a subsequent period he was obliged to sacrifice much of his own property to redeem these pledges which his unwillingness to cause distress, even in his official capacity, had prompted him to receive.

When President Harrison came into office Mr. Gwin resigned his Marshalship, and became a candidate for Congress. The district in which he resided had just given a majority of twenty-five hundred votes for General Harrison; but, in the contest for Congress, Mr. Gwin's personal popularity was great enough to secure his election, on the Democratic ticket, by a similar majority of twenty-five hundred votes, and he was duly returned to serve as a representative in the Twenty-seventh Congress. During his term of service in the House he gained a prominent position by his restless devotion to the interests of his constituents and his sagacity as a politician. At the close of his term he was re-nominated unanimously; but the consequences of his liberality and kindness while Marshal had so involved his private affairs that it became necessary for him to decline a re-election.

While pursuing his private business Dr. Gwin was appointed, in 1847, by President Polk, to superintend the erection of the Custom-house at New Orleans, which post he filled during Mr. Polk's term, and resigned on the change of Administration consequent on the election of General Taylor to the Presidency.

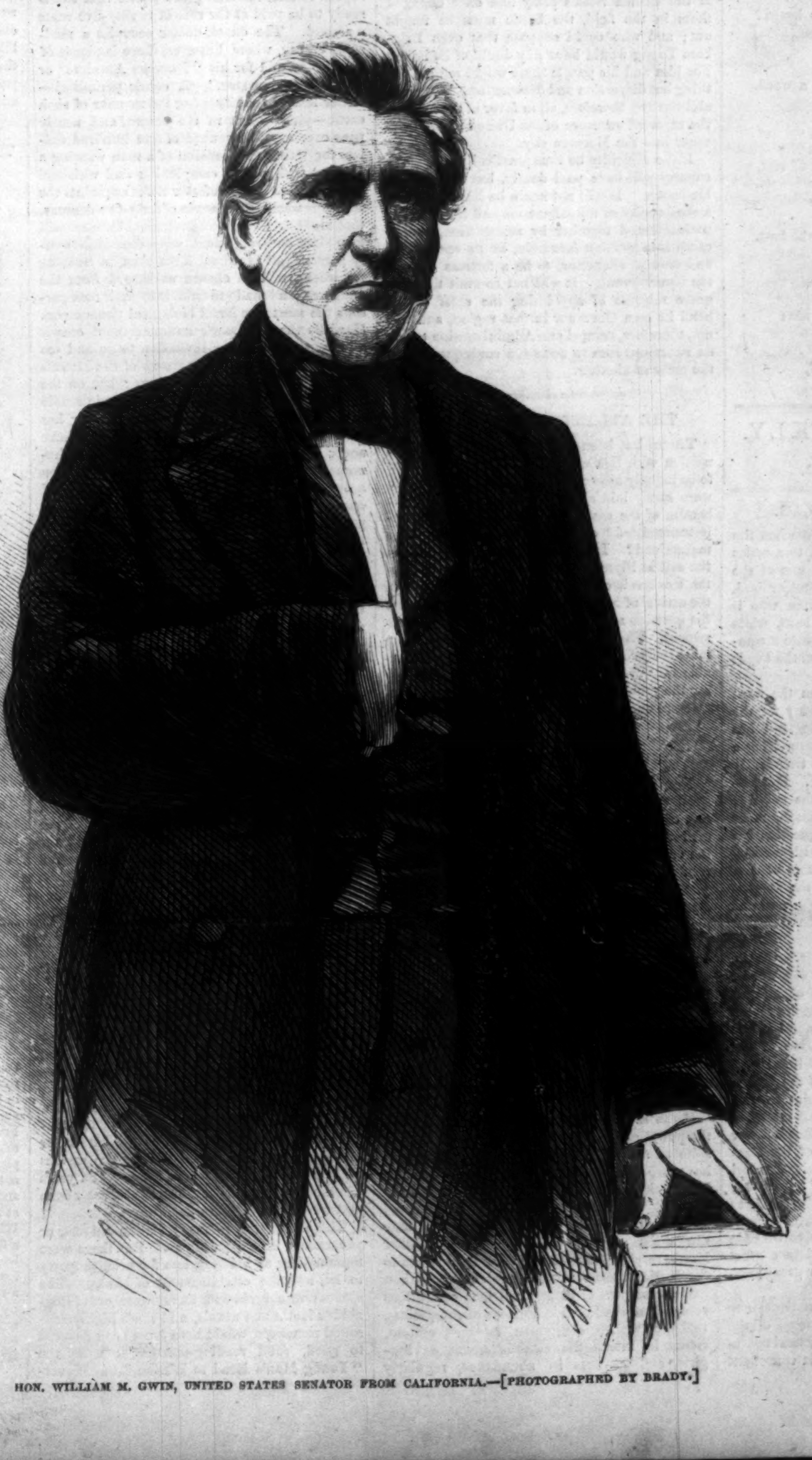
Upon resigning the superintendency of the New Orleans Custom-house he removed to California, toward which the eyes of the American people had been turned by the marvelous tales of gold-finding which were just then exciting the world. He was among the earlier settlers of that wonderful country, and from the first has taken a genuine interest in its welfare. Unlike many who sought the El Dorado merely for its precious dust, and who, as soon as their "pile" was gathered, deserted their benefactress, Mr. Gwin gave all his energies and talents to the work of moulding out of the chaotic mass, which the society of California resembled from 1847 to 1850, a strong, permanent, law-abiding, and prosperous State. Perhaps the world has never witnessed a more anomalous and apparently hopeless state of things than was presented in California in 1848-'49, when a large population, feverish with the thirst for gold, or intoxicated with the excess of supply spread around them, grew reckless, counting no scheme too wild and no law worthy of reverence. The whole country seemed mad, and the frenzy diffused itself into politics and government. In the midst of this excitement a few wise, far-sighted men were laboring to lay the foundations for a State that should outlast its crop of gold, and which should at once plant the North American race firmly on the shores of the Pacific, and secure to themselves and their children the blessings of liberty, education, and peace.

Foremost among those who were bravely toiling for these richest nuggets was the subject of this memoir: and to his guiding hand California is largely indebted for the admirable Constitution she possesses, and for the gradual settling down of her wild hordes into the present high condition of refinement and solidity of which our young sister State is so justly proud. In the winter of 1848 it became evident that some steps must be taken by the people of California to save themselves from utter anarchy. Society was disorganized; there was no State government nor any municipal authority; the treasury of San Francisco was empty; rogues and gamblers were apparently masters of the entire country; and the only image of authority was a military governor, who had no sufficient force to carry out his mandates. In this condition of things, General Riley issued a proclamation to the people of California, directing them, among other things, to choose thirty-seven delegates to form a State Constitution. Although there was a strong opposition to this course—and, at one time, a disposition to resist it—yet, with great efforts, the people were brought to see the necessity for arriving at a State Government through some mode; and Dr. Gwin, who had been untiring in his efforts to promote the best interests of the Territory, was rewarded by receiving 1073 votes (with two exceptions the largest number cast) for delegate to the Convention to form the State Constitution.

The election for delegates was held on the 1st of August, 1849; the Convention met at Monterey on the 1st of September, the Constitution was finished and signed on the 13th of October, and on the 13th of November it was adopted by the people, and John C. Frémont and William M. Gwin were chosen United States Senators, to accompany the instrument to Congress. Thus, in less than four months, the community passed from a condition of perfect lawlessness into the order of a State, with a Constitution afterward (on the 9th of September, 1850) ratified by Congress, and the machinery of a government which soon reduced society to tolerable system. Too much praise can not be given to the few men among the pioneers who produced this happy change, and Dr. Gwin is justly entitled to a considerable share of it.

He has retained his seat in the Senate ever since, and is now serving his second term. Devoting himself steadily to the interests of his own State, he is distinguished for sagacity, business tact, and unremitting devotion to his constituents. His voice is seldom heard in debate, except to press or defend measures of importance to California; his speeches are few, but statesmanlike and logical; his demeanor is grave and impressive; his tall, magisterial form, Roman features, and gray hair, always picture to us a senator of Nature's selection. Ordinarily an attentive observer of the public business, he is always in his place, but rarely indulges in a set speech, except allusion to California is made, when he is immediately on his feet, and sometimes fairly overwhelms his opponents with arguments in asserting the claims of his constituents.

His great desire now is to secure



HON. WILLIAM M. GWIN, UNITED STATES SENATOR FROM CALIFORNIA.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY BRADY.]

the building of the great railroad to the Pacific, which he feels is not only a military necessity, and justly due to the people of California, but a matter of policy for the benefit of the Atlantic States, as it will open up more advantageously the trade of the Pacific, and forever bind California to the Union—a matter which he has more than once intimated is not so certain if that great iron brace is not forged. He has urged this matter upon the Senate this session; and as it is likely to become one of the important questions of legislation, he will long be a person of prominent interest both to the Atlantic and Pacific States. Like many of the senators, he keeps up an establishment in Washington, and the hospitalities of his mansion, dispensed by his accomplished wife, form the theme of much complimentary comment in that gay city.

THE BURIAL AT SEA.

BY MARK LEMON.

THE solemn words are said,
"Let the sea receive the dead!
In its vast unfathom'd bed,
Until Time shall be no more:"
The frothing of a wave!
And the good, the kind, the brave,
Is in his ocean grave—
All his storms of life are o'er.

His messmates stare with eyes
Of dull and long surprise,
That where their comrade lies
Not a trace should now be seen;
The waves still roll and leap
O'er the chamber of his sleep,
Down, down in the great deep,
As though he had never been.

His messmates walk away,
And in hoarse whispers say,
"God rest him!" So they pray.
Who doubts their prayer is heard?
When seated at their mess
They find one face the less;
Each shows his kind distress,
Though he does not speak a word.

Some think that when again
They cross that restless main,
They'll look and look in vain
For their messmate's place of rest,
And some will sadly sigh,
And wish that when they die
In church-yard they may lie
With those they have lov'd the best.

Death will not come and go
Without his fitting woe—
Methinks 'tis doubly so
When he meets us on the sea:
The World is then so small,
A Ship contains it all—
The dead man 'neath the pall,
How large a part was he!

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, MAY 29, 1858.

THE RIGHTS OF OUR FLAG.

IT is fortunate that, at the moment when the attention of the country is drawn to a series of insults to the national flag, and one of the gravest international questions is thereby raised, the Secretary of State is a statesman who is master of the subject, and who in 1842, while United States Minister in France, wrote a comprehensive and conclusive paper upon the whole question.

The present difficulty arises from the want of explicit terms in the existing treaty for the suppression of the slave-trade. England has been driven from its old ground of exercising a sovereign police upon the seas, so truculently claimed by Lord Palmerston in 1841. But notwithstanding the vital interest of the subject; notwithstanding the elaborate correspondence of eminent statesmen in which the question has been very ably discussed; and notwithstanding the Ashburton treaty and the letters of Mr. Webster, then Secretary of State, the point is not yet in terms decided, whether the national flag is an absolute protection for the ship that carries it.

Two things, however, are very clear. One is, that the flag of the United States can not be subject to the whimsical contempt of inferior British officers; and the other is, that the recent events which have aroused such general public attention will lead to a final solution of the question. There can be little doubt how it will be ultimately decided. The flag of the nation must be sacred, as its soil is. If joint treaties are made, the conjoining parties must attend to their own flags. It is better even that a slaver should pass, under the protection of the stars and stripes, than that every American vessel should be delayed, overhauled, and mistreated, whenever a foreign naval officer may see fit to hail or to fire a gun. Because, as Lord Stowell has justly decided, it is impossible to concede that a nation may "press forward to a great principle by breaking through other great principles that are in the way."

It is unquestionably true that nations may enter into treaties for the suppression of the slave-trade or of piracy; but the practical operation of those treaties must be made consonant with all other national rights, and with national honor. The tone of General Cass's letter to Mr. Dallas assures us, by its calmness and moderation, that this will be the result of the action now pending. That very calmness is also the earnest of conscious power; and we are very confident that the veteran Secretary of State will win his greenest laurels in his triumphant vindication of the rights of our national flag.

THE MORMON HEGIRA.

BY the time this paper is in the hands of the reader we shall probably know something definitely as to the accuracy of the recent news from Utah. That Colonel Kane went thither in an official capacity is hardly probable; but that his journey was undertaken with the countenance of the Government at Washington is doubtless true. And whether Governor Cumming has entered the Great Salt Lake City, and the Saints have moved away or not, there can be little question that the rumor foreshadows the fact, and that the Utah war is virtually ended.

It is ended, also, before it was begun. The United States troops have been in camp since their arrival last autumn in the Territory. The newspapers in the States have been flooded with various correspondence from the scene of hostilities. The telegraph has flashed across the country little sparkles of unimportant rumor. We have had Brigham Young's diatribes and the experiences of escaped Saints. Meanwhile the belligerents have remained each in his own place, awaiting the spring. The spring has now opened, and with it comes the story of the practical abdication by the Mormons of their hostile position.

What else could they do, sooner or later? If the United States army had once engaged them in the field, the battle must be fought out; and who could suppose that even Brigham Young would have any doubt of its issue? For him and his people there would remain nothing but dispersion and destruction. The probabilities are, therefore, all in favor of the truth of the reported entrance of the United States Governor into the Mormon city.

If the difficulty be thus practically ended, the country will have paid dearly, but for a valuable lesson. It will not again be likely to allow a community of miscellaneous and ignorant fanatics, bound together by superstition, to encamp in a position favorable, by its remoteness and natural character, to be a fortress against the Government. It will not commit the very grave mistake of appointing the chief of the band its own Governor in that region, and will not, therefore, compel one Administration to pay an enormous sum to undo the consequences of the error of another.

THE ATLANTIC TELEGRAPH.

THERE has been one grave question in connection with this enterprise, which seems now to be happily answered. Granting that the wire were safely laid along the great plateau at the bottom of the sea, could messages be accurately transmitted? could the electrical current be maintained? In the experiments made upon the coil at Plymouth, England, during the winter, this has been by no means clear. But since the arrival of Mr. Hughes from the United States the question seems to have been conclusively answered. The experiments also, in regard to the machinery for paying out the cable, are so favorable that every thing now promises most fairly for the practical success of this great inter-continental enterprise.

SUCCESSFUL SWINDLERS.

NOT a day passes but some unsophisticated stranger acquires experience in this city at the cost of either money or modesty. The purchase of pinchbeck watches; the patent-safe swindles; the countless tricks for robbing verdant countrymen which have so long formed a staple subject for newspaper paragraphs, still continue, it seems, to flourish as widely as ever. All the precautions, all the warnings in the world seem to have failed either to repress the roguery of our city knaves or to inspire our rural friends with common prudence. Over five thousand letters, addressed to gift-enterprise and other swindlers, have been received at the Post-office by the agents of the mayor within the past sixty days; most of them contained money. Very many of them were signed by persons whose station should have been a guarantee of their common sense.

As to the lotteries, they seem almost beyond the power of the law. It is well known that, in spite of all the precautionary measures which have been undertaken, the business of selling lottery tickets was never so active as it is at present. Those who have never looked into the subject would hardly believe their eyes if they saw a list of the persons, in this and other Northern cities, who are regular subscribers to the Southern lotteries. Considerably more than half the support of these pernicious institutions comes from the North. Persons of every class, ladies of wealth, clergymen, lawyers, editors, clerks in mercantile establishments, sewing-girls, and servants in abundance, regularly throw away their money in the purchase of lottery tickets. Little as we hear about it, the mania is well-nigh universal.

These facts are not very flattering to our common sense. Neither in France nor in England do the people patronize so gross swindles as these which thrive here. The French and English have their delusions and their rogueries; but the sale of pinchbeck watches is not carried on in their public thoroughfares, and illegal lotteries are not pressed upon public notice by advertisements in the papers. There is a sense of decency and propriety which drives these shameful blots upon their social page into the shade. Here, on the contrary, our rogueries and humbugs court publicity. Peter Funk's red flag floats in Broadway; the Georgia lotteries are daily advertised in the papers; Barnum writes his life to show the folly of honesty and the practical excellence of an easy conscience.

Our new mayor, Mr. Tiemann, is exerting himself very creditably to suppress some of the more glaring swindles with which the city teems. But the necessary reform can not be achieved until a healthier tone in public sentiment be established, and that which is really dishonest and dishonorable be frowned upon by the community at large.

DEAD WALLS.

THE dead wall is a literary common. Every body has a right to graze upon it, and first come is first served. The Great Singer (not he of needle-and-thread notoriety), but the *cantatrice*, who is equally given to hemming—and hawing—possesses herself of at least one-half, and turns out upon her portion a herd of great black capital letters, informing the public that she is ready to be paid at the rate of twenty-five cents a second. The quack doctor occupies a moderate corner, where, however, there is plenty of grazing-ground for his "Nervous Antidote" or "Purple Invigorator." A comic periodical—rather lean in the ribs, after the manner of such cattle—picks about in the centre, and nearly runs over a police reward of five hundred dollars for "the apprehension of a man wearing a silk hat with a high complexion and whiskers inclined to red." Professor Bilks acquaints the scientific world, at an angle of forty-five degrees, that his Grand Farewell Biological Concert will take place on Friday next, when four-and-twenty persons, all of whom have been in training for weeks, will be chosen at hazard from the audience, and made to exhibit in their own persons the most wonderful biological phenomena. Hard by the professor's announcement crawls a long, gaudy, slender invitation to go and see Bamboozle's "Grand Panorama of the Mountains of the Moon, from drawings taken on the spot," which spot means the large attic studio at No. — Bowery, where the whole affair has been gotten up by two gentlemen who have never been out of America. An infant phenomenon, who plays the Carnival of Venice on a double-bass, and sings a cavatina in words of one syllable, has established herself in one corner; while in the other, a youthful giant, who is so tall that it takes him an hour and a half to draw on his trowsers, displays his wonderful proportions in a very small woodcut and very large letters. Numberless little bills have established themselves here and there, wherever there was a spare corner left by the larger placards; and a poem in praise of "Cough Candy" peeps out from behind the Great Singer. The quack-doctor imperfectly conceals an advertisement of a patent metallic coffin. Side by side with the police reward is a summons to the inhabitants of the — Ward, calling a meeting to consider the propriety of establishing a Vigilance Committee. The Professor of Biology is jostled by an exhibition of "Laughing Gas." The comic periodical is nearly obscured by an announcement of the last number of the *Spiritual Telegraph*. Bamboozle's Grand Panorama conducts the eye to an advertisement of a new edition of the Moon Hoax. The Infant Phenomenon occupies a space close to the announcement of a sermon by the Reverend Doctor Bellows; and we see, side by side with a reward offered for "the recovery of papers of value that have been lost or stolen," a neat placard calling attention to "Nothing to Wear."

It would seem as if such arrangements had something more in them than chance. That bill-stickers are either a race of humorists or philosophers, or perhaps a little of both, and had, by aid of their paste-pot and brush, given the public both sides of the medal.

To those fond of such species of observation, there is something very interesting in the mutations of a dead wall. It is the barometer of the time, and records faithfully the various stages and progress of public taste. Ten years ago the dead wall had a different character from that which distinguishes it to-day.

There were not so many Italian singers, or panoramas, or old paintings. But there were more notices of building-lots for sale, property to let, and the establishment of banks. The spaces now covered with announcements of Reynolds's loathsome novels, and Sue's highly-seasoned romances, would then have been devoted to good, solid reading-matter, such as the "Young Man's Road to Wealth," the Waverley Novels, with probably a harmless piece of trash like the "Children of the Abbey."

Then what an index of trade is our dead wall! Contrast the number of vessels advertised to sail fifteen years ago with the innumerable *Flying Clouds*, *White Squalls*, *Stormy Petrels*, etc., etc., of the present day. When the sailing of the first ocean steamer was announced on some dead wall in this city what a sensation it doubtless created! What groups gathered round the little placard—what solemn prognostications of failure—what ominous shakes of the head—what dismal curiosity! Now scarce a day passes without the appearance of a host of such announcements, and crowds pass them carelessly by, unless some one of them has a friend *en route*, and stops to read the date of the departure.

Naturalists tell us that certain animals change their coats periodically. The dead wall is diurnal in its transformations. Proteus never changed more rapidly. Observe your dead wall in the morning. It is decidedly theatrical in its aspect. The imaginative manager Flamboyus announces "a series of grand canicular performances during the summer season, when the establishment known as the Flamboyant Theatre will be converted into a VAST TROPICAL GARDEN, combining Eastern splendor with Oriental magnificence, where the vernal coolness of a SYLVAN SHADE will be wedded to the histrionic delights of a Thespian temple!" So Flamboyus, with comedies and concerts, usurps the entire area. If, however, you pass that way late at night, you will observe a mysterious, shadowy person moving to and fro before the place—you wonder what the man can be about, and hurry home to bed. Next day you call at your dead wall, and lo! it is the very odor of sanctity. Sermons, charities, donations, controversies, and moral pamphlets, have entirely obliterated yesterday's vanities; and that pious bill-sticker, whose ghostly form alarmed you the night before, has, with a few dashes of his paste-brush, converted the heathen surface into one great advertisement of Virtue!

TRUST IN GOD AND DO THE RIGHT.

COURAGE, brother! do not stumble,
Though thy path is dark as night;
There's a star to guide the humble—
Trust in God and do the right.

Let the road be long and dreary,
And its ending out of sight;
Foot it bravely—strong or weary,
Trust in God and do the right.

Perish "policy" and cunning,
Perish all that fears the light;
Whether losing, whether winning,
Trust in God and do the right.

Trust no party, church, or faction,
Trust no "leaders" in the fight,
But in every word and action
Trust in God and do the right.

Trust no forms of guilty passion,
Fiends can look like angels bright;
Trust no custom, school, or fashion,
Trust in God and do the right.

Some will hate thee, some will love thee,
Some will flatter, some will slight;
Cease from man, and look above thee,
Trust in God and do the right.

Simple rule and safest guiding,
Inward peace and inward light;
Star upon our path abiding,
TRUST IN GOD AND DO THE RIGHT.

THE LOUNGER.

JOHN BULL.

THAT Mr. Bull is the wisest, most Christian, and beneficent of the great citizens of the world there is not the slightest doubt—in his own mind. That he is a great bully and brag, and never tries to whip any body of his size, and makes an enormous reputation of superior wisdom by so doing, is the decided opinion of his cousin, Mr. Jonathan. That Mr. Bull shall cruise in his frigates along Mr. Jonathan's very wharves, and fire at him, and stop him, and insult him, is something that Mr. Jonathan will blow all the treaties to thunder before he will submit to.

They have made a contract together to look out for slavers. But slavers may run up any national flag they choose. If the flag is to be taken as an evidence of nationality, what is to prevent the perfect immunity of piracy? Clearly, when there is reason to suspect a vessel to be a slaver, she may, in the interest of humanity, be overhauled and examined, whether she carry an English flag, or a French flag, or an American flag. But the ceremony of proof must be conducted as if the suspicion might be wrong. The suspected vessel is not to be assumed to be a slaver, and fired into, and her crew insulted. If this is done, it is done at the risk of the officer and of his Government. When a treaty is made to prevent the dishonor of a flag, it is done because that flag is respected, and because the people who bear it are resolved to defend its honor. If it is not to be counterfeited by a common enemy, it is certainly not to be insulted by a friend. If it shall not protect a pirate, it surely shall not be subject to the spite and jealousy of an ally, and every country must look out for its own flag.

This question has been pretty thoroughly argued between Mr. John and Mr. Jonathan. They have even passed from words to blows; and there is no reasonable doubt that Mr. Jonathan has finally made up his mind on the subject. He will not allow tuppenny officers of Mr. John to stop his ships in an insulting and vexatious way to gratify their national or individual antipathy. He would like to know what John would say if he should cruise about the Irish and English channels, or the Bay of Biscay, and fire, at his own sweet will, into passing vessels. Mr. John may say that there are no slaves brought to the neighborhood of England or France. That is very true; but under any treaty of "police for the seas" tuppenny officers may suspect where they please. And while humanity requires the treaty to suppress the slave-trade, yet, if the officers to whom its execution is intrusted can not execute it properly, the treaty itself must be abrogated.

As for the present difficulty, it is mainly interesting as showing the state of the public mind. There is, undoubtedly, a disposition to repel the first insolence of Mr. John, because, when his first blow is endured, he hits harder. But there is also a just feeling in regard to the treaty, as was shown by the miserable *fiasco* of a meeting at the Exchange to confirm the spirit of some resolutions practically annulling the treaty passed at an informal meeting.

Mr. John and Mr. Jonathan ought to dwell together in amity, for their own interest and for that of the world. Probably the elder gentleman will be in no hurry to pick a quarrel—for two reasons: first, Monsieur Johnny Crapeaud; and second, the Muscovy bear. If he should try to flog Mr. Jonathan, Mr. Crapeaud would come dancing over the channel, and the Muscovy bear would eat up Turkey, and lay his fore-paws in the Mediterranean. With the bear's paws and Crapeaud's feet upon that sea, Mr. Bull's little trips to and from India would be interrupted. In fact, there are many reasons why Mr. John will probably reprove his silly little officers, and inform Jonathan, with an air of loftiness, that he need not lose his temper for nothing.

INFELICISSIMUS!

To all literary men in the city of New York Henry William Herbert was more or less known. With uncertain antecedents in his own country, with a furious and ungovernable temper, and with habits of intoxication, a long and happy life was not to be expected. Yet when, a few weeks since, his second marriage was announced, it seemed like a hope of something brighter and more peaceful—a hope that has disastrously ended.

That he was very wretched, and that he had reason to be so, no man can doubt. He was born a gentleman; his lineal associations were such as to appeal to every honorable aspiration; he was liberally and thoroughly educated; he came under a cloud to a foreign country to live by his wits; he brought with him his terrible temper; he fell into wretched habits; married, was widowed, and married again; the avenging Nemesis came in the form of a history of his faults and misfortunes told by a gossip to his wife; she left him, refused to see him, and he shot himself. "You will find me in the cemetery, just outside of the garden-gate, where I stopped, for the last time, to look at her beloved face." "I forgive all men who have wronged me, and ask forgiveness of all whom I have wronged." "Think of me, sometimes, as a most miserable man." "I wish a very small, very plain headstone, with this inscription: 'Henry William Herbert, of England, aged fifty-one years. *Infelicissimus!*'"

There is nothing to add but "pray for him"—and that every kind soul will do. However intemperate, irascible, reckless, he may have been, there is something piteous in his death. It might have been cowardice—it might have been crime; for no man has a right to shrink from whatever is laid upon him. But over the grave let us be charitable. Think how we all love life—how we cling to it when it seems only misery—how we put away the thought of its close. Shall we not, then, believe that when a man quietly arranges his worldly affairs—says farewell to his friends, and ends it—trusting that though the human instinct forbids suicide, God can best judge how guilty he is—shall we not believe that he was very wretched, and write in silence upon his head-stone *Infelicissimus!*

THE BROOKLYN MERCANTILE LIBRARY.

New Yorkers do not often remember that just across the river is the third city in the country. It is just across the river, but it seems across an ocean. People travel to Boston and Philadelphia, and see all the intermediate cities; they never go to Brooklyn on their way any where. When we enumerate our cities, we name all these with Savannah, Charleston, and New Orleans, but Brooklyn gets rarely a mention. The citizens of New York mention it as a dependency of "the metropolis"—the citizens of other parts of the country suppose it to be a suburban town.

It is well worth a visit for its entirely unique character. When the stranger has been to the Tombs, the Astor Library, and the Crystal Palace, let him go to Brooklyn. He will find a spacious and splendid city, with broad and stately avenues stretching off into the island, and, from its position, commanding as a prospect the whole bay of New York. He will find noble and beautiful residences, and clusters of churches, with the most celebrated pastors. But, although he stands in the third city of the country, and situated upon the finest commercial bay in the world, he will look in vain for great shipping-houses, for a busy Exchange, for a cloud of influential papers, for the dust and roar of traffic. He will find well-furnished and quiet shops in the principal streets; but at the hour of high 'Change, when the American genius of trade is most active, he will see a city strangely silent—children playing and ladies walking—like a Sunday in an inland town. It has no theatre, no opera, no negro minstrels—we believe no museum. It has plenty of sermons and lectures, and is full of flourishing public institutions of charity and education. It has also its full share of young men.

These young men have lately formed an association like the Mercantile Library in New York, and they now propose to establish a Library. The city has just introduced pure water, and now it aims at good books. They belong together. Pure water for the body—pure literature for the mind. A city is really the citizens—not the houses or the ships. If you want a fine city, a great and noble and beautiful city, you must have great-hearted, generous, intelligent citizens. Then all you wish will follow—in science, in letters, in charity, and in art. You will have beautiful buildings for every noble purpose. You will have galleries of pictures, of statues, and casts. You will have lecture-rooms and museums of every ology under heaven. You will have the best orators and singers and actors. You will heal the sick, and feed the hungry, and help the unfortunate; and you will have the most unflinching and searching preaching in the churches; and stores of books, so that the scholar can pursue any study with profound thoroughness without crossing an ocean or a river.

Whoever reads good books frequents the best society of all times and countries. Therefore, whoever founds a library throws open the doors to a company whose presence is sweet and inspiring. Whoever goes in will come out somewhat purer and stronger and better. If all the citizens of a town went often to the library, and read the good books, the ministers would wonder what secret rival was in the field.

If the young men of Brooklyn will use the Library they are so gallantly establishing—if they will have the same ambition to put wisdom into their minds as they have to put money in their purses—and when they have bought Shakespeare and Milton, will read Shakespeare and Milton, and not leave them upon the shelves a monument of a largeness of means and littleness of mind—and why should they not read the works they buy?—then Brooklyn will be beautiful both inside and out. And how could the Library of a Mercantile Association be better inaugurated than by recalling the memory and the life of Thomas Roscoe, a Liverpool merchant and an English scholar, whose books had been of such service to him, that when commercial disaster overwhelmed him, as it may any man, those books, which were his dearest possession, had taught him how to part with them, and he wrote in farewell:

"TO MY BOOKS.

"As one who, destined from his friends to part,
Regrets his loss, but hopes again erewhile
To share their converse and enjoy their smile,
And tempers as he may affliction's dart;
Thus, loved associates, chiefs of elder art,
Teachers of wisdom, who could once beguile
My tedious hours, and lighten every toil,
I now resign you: nor with fainting heart;
For pass a few short years, or days, or hours,
And happier seasons may their dawn unfold,
And all your sacred fellowship restore;
When, freed from earth, unlimited its powers,
Mind shall with mind direct communion hold,
And kindred spirits meet to part no more."

WHO SHALL BE PUNISHED?

Some dozen persons have been killed by the falling of a bridge upon the Central Railroad, of which the wood was so rotten that it crumbled, and was thought, by intelligent observers, to be mere punk and unsafe some time before the accident. A jury, called to sit upon the dead, have returned a unanimous verdict that the catastrophe was caused by the culpable neglect of the management of the road.

Who is to suffer? Of course the Company must pay whatever damages can be proved against them. But who is to suffer in such a way that future accidents will be prevented? It is a murder without malice, unquestionably; but how can we prevent wholesale murders without malice? It is, in a certain sense, a new kind of crime; because, although the guardians of every road and bridge may be careless, yet the peculiar method of traveling upon a railroad renders the murderous result of the carelessness inevitable, which in ordinary roads and bridges might be avoidable.

Now it is the duty of the supreme direction to appoint suitable officers for all the varieties of service; but where they exercise that power so loosely and carelessly that, in consequence of the incompetency of their officer, such results as this of the Sanquoit Bridge ensue, is it not clear that no general charge of neglect is sufficient to satisfy the public demand in the case but a specific verdict against individuals? It was somebody's business to see that the Sanquoit Bridge was in order; and there is no question that it was utterly unfit for its purpose—that somebody is guilty of the most shocking manslaughter. Suppose a toll-keeper leaves the draw of a bridge open on a dark night, and a man rides in and is drowned. Are we to have a verdict that the Turnpike Company is careless? But here is not an act of forgetfulness that any man might commit—here is a bridge of which the wood has become punk—which, if the inspector understood his business, he either knew to be unfit for service, or which he had neglected to examine; two trains meet upon it; the bridge falls; there is a heart-rending tragedy.

If that inspector does not deserve the extremest punishment that the law inflicts for manslaughter what offender can? And if he did not understand his business, then the same indictment should lie against the individuals who appointed him. For it is no excuse that he came well recommended, or that they supposed him to be capable. In appointments involving such risks as those of railroads necessarily must, there must be the most absolute certainty.

Why not, then, circulate and sign petitions to the Legislature that there shall be a more stringent criminal legislation in cases of railroad accidents? Think of the sickening railway disasters during the last dozen years in this country; the runnings out of time, the collisions, the breaking and opening of bridges—for all of which some engineer, or conductor, or overseer was directly and personally liable—and how many, when they have escaped, have been criminally punished? Think of all the catastrophes of the same kind in store for us—and then let us ask whether we will do something or nothing; and, when our nearest and dearest are brought to us mangled and dead—or we are brought to them—whether the public is to be satisfied to know that "somebody" was culpably careless?

Let "somebody" be sent to the State Prison.

CHARLES READE.

Among the recent young English authors, Charles Reade has made the most rapid and extended reputation. His first stories, *Christie Johnson* and *Peg Woffington*, were published some five or six years since, and a peculiarly fresh, sparkling, pungent talent was immediately recognized. There was some delay in their republication in this country; but when they were republished, there was something so sympathetic with the American genius in their pithy, pointed, rollicking, and racy style, that his fame re-echoed in our applause back to England, until now he is one of the most prolific and popular English writers. In a recent London advertisement we observe a notice of the issue of the *fifty-fourth thousandth* of his *Never too Late to Mend*, and the *twenty-fourth thousandth* of his *Course of true Love*, known to us as *White Lies*. The first of these books has been published only a little more than a year, and the last but a few months.

For England this is extraordinary popularity, even in the days of *Uncle Tom*, of Dickens, and of Macaulay. It is not so great as that of the *Spectator*, but that, considering every thing, was unparalleled in literature. There were not a sixth of the readers then in England that there now are. There was no American market of consequence. But of some numbers of the *Spectator*—a daily journal—twenty thousand copies were called for, as Macaulay tells us, and the volumes went off by the ten thousand. But in this day, when there are such swarms of good and desirable books, that a work should get to its fifty-fourth thousandth in less than two years, is evidence either that the author is a man worth listening to, or that, at least, people think he is.

A NEW SINGER.

There is a popular theory among illiterate persons that newspapers are vehicles of news; that if you wish to know what is happening in the world, and interesting the inhabitants thereof, you must look into the newspaper. Now the Lounger defies any intelligent being to determine from the reports in the newspapers of the singing of Mademoiselle Titiens, in London, whether she is a great singer, or only a pretty good singer. One paper says that her voice is unsurpassed for richness of tone and quality by "any voice of our time." Another says, it is not; that it is about as good a voice as Jeddy Trefftz's. One paper says that she has acquired an entire mastery over the mysteries of her art. Another says, she has not. One declares that she is the peer of any great singer—and another that she is not.

Now it would be a dreadful thing to suspect either of two things: one, that the critics did not know whether she were a really fine singer or not; and the other, that they could be influenced in the expression of their opinions by any private considerations.

The truth is that critics—the Lounger speaks of theatrical, not of literary, critics—are just the softest souls in the world. They can not bear to say an ill word of any body. A manager sends them a ticket to a secured seat. They go and hear horrible singing, and behold execrable acting. But they say in their hearts:

"Here is a poor man or woman doing the best they can. They have a very sorry profession which compels them to stand before the public, and the public applauds, hisses, or is indifferent, as it pleases. They have families, too, dependent upon them. The children at home may be sick or weary, but the actress-mother must be punctual upon the stage, and feign a sorrow in one way which is breaking her heart in another. At best they get a miserable pittance, and the popularity of the best of them is sadly brief. See how they try!—see how they earn their money! Why should we serve up our sarcasms upon them to-morrow morning to season the breakfast of people who do not care for them, and who would do no better in their places? No! let people come and pay their money. These workmen deserve it for their dreary toil through the evening. If they fail to draw, they can not have another engagement; let us help them make hay while the sun shines. And then when the dismal truth leaks out—when it is known that they are not worth paying money to see (although by honest work they earn their wages), and are dismissed from the theatre and descend, step by step, the steep ladder of poverty, that touches bottom Heaven knows where—when they grow old and withered and wretched, and, pinched with want and hunger, die forsaken and forgotten in a garret—we shall not have it to say that we hastened their sad destiny by a single word."

That is what they say in their hearts, those critics who daily tell us of the theatres last evening. But they are mortal, too, and when the critic favors Melinda whom Melissa hates, Melissa must not look for enthusiastic praises of her performance; and when Melinda is called the tragic muse, we must not lose our breath, but remember the private possibilities.

It remains a question still, therefore, whether the new singer, Teresa Titiens, is to be ranked with Malibran and Jenny Lind, or with the lesser goddesses.

THAT CHRISTIAN.

Some weeks since the Lounger spoke of the presence of a live Christian in the city of New York—a man of an unusual and primitive kind of Christianity, who was calling in the poor and feeding them, not because they were good or industrious or went to school or were regular at church, but because they were his fellow-creatures and hungry. He has now published a report of his winter's work in this way, from which it appears that he furnished 230,893 "meals," including those sent out to the sick at home. The provisions were of the best quality, beef, pork, fish, hams, soup, with bread and potatoes, and coffee for breakfast and supper. The average cost was seven cents and a fraction per meal. Nor did he feed their mouths only with food, but their hands with work. For every kind of employer thronged to his saloon, and 1171 persons thus obtained employment.

Mr. Farmer declares that he is abundantly paid for all he has done by knowing that he has relieved the wants of so many worthy people, and thinks that more good could be done in his way than in the one usually adopted, and that a free saloon in every ward during the winter would be of the utmost service, and he is sure "he must be less than a man who would, because his gifts are, in some instances, misapplied, make the greatest error of his whole life by refusing those who need it."

The only practical difficulty seems to be that if eating-houses should be opened in all the wards for all who chose to come, there would be a good deal of spare time upon the hands of the guests which might not be so usefully and industriously employed as it would be if they depended upon their work for their dinner. Of course there are a great many deserving people who are not able to get work, and are really starving, and who are most worthy recipients of such bounty. But the very problem of charitable action is how to discover this class. Is it not clear that if the city fed all who came for food, the city would soon be in trouble?

Notwithstanding which, we must all be very glad that Mr. Farmer has shown us the happy results of conformity to the simple Christian precept. And whatever may be the problems of society, one thing is very evident, that if we were all of the mind of the good Samaritan of No. 47 Ludlow Street, the Millennium would not be very far off.

BROWNING UPON SHELLEY.

"Mr. Lounger,—Last week you spoke of Trelawny's book of recollections of Shelley and Byron. Can you recall Browning's poem upon Shelley, which seems to me to do for him what his own Adonäis did for Keats? I am sure many of your readers would be glad to see it.

"Yours, A Lover of the Three."

Here is the poem. It is intensely dramatic, like every thing of Browning's.

MEMORABILIA.

I.

Ah, did you once see Shelley plain?
And did he stop and speak to you?
And did you speak to him again?
How strange it seems, and new!

II.

But you were living before that,
And you are living after,
And the memory I started at—
My starting moves your laughter.

III.

I crossed a moor with a name of its own,
And a use in the world no doubt;
Yet a hand's-breadth of it shines alone,
'Mid the blank miles round about—

IV.

For there I picked up on the heather,
And there I put inside my breast
A moulted feather—an eagle-feather—
Well, I forget the rest.

WHERE ARE YOU?

This famous question of Mr. Spenlow may well be asked of the European world. Last week the Lounger spoke of the Viceroy of Lombardy actually dancing with the daughter of a cotton merchant. Perhaps it is by some kind of mysterious affinity with this proceeding that the Hon. Mr. Spratt, at the Southern Convention which has been recently in session at Montgomery, in Alabama, declared that some kind of rounded aristocracy was necessary in every society.

But on the other hand, the English House of Commons, under the lead of a Tory Government, have abolished the property qualification for members of Parliament. Of course such a movement implies, sooner or later, a serious modification of the present laws of suffrage, and is only a single step in the direction in which English civilization inevitably advances. And in France, within a few weeks, young Mr. Hutchinson, of the American India Rubber Shoe Manufacturing Company, has married the daughter of the Duchess of Montmorenci and Luxembourg—the very flower of flowers in the names of the old French noblesse.

Of course there were people to hold up their hands. But, knowing nothing of Mr. Hutchinson (whose marriage is a matter of public comment), except that he is reported to be a fine young fellow and very rich, the Lounger reads in his wedding announcement a sermon for the times. It naturally belongs to a country like this to prove to other countries that nobility is an affair of one's own manhood and character, not of one's great-grandfather. There is a sense of weakness inseparable from the impression made by every man whose manner seems to refer you to his ancestors for his credentials. "Ah!" you instinctively say, "if you are not the master, I will go and find *him*." Let every man stand upon his own feet. If any body has illustrious ancestors, they are only the severest standards of his own character and conduct. Instead of honoring a timid man because his grandfather was brave, we despise him the more for that very reason.

The only danger in the missionary enterprise implied in an American's marrying a foreigner of rank is, that the missionary himself may be converted! But there is little fear in the case of any cordial, sincere American. Wherever such a man goes, and in whatever situations he is placed, he represents, ideally, free institutions and human equality.

TRAVEL NOTES IN BIBLE LANDS.

No. XXXIII.

The Fight at Laodicea concluded.—The Robbers captured.—A Treaty.—Our Sudden Flight.—Return to Philadelphia.—Route to Sardis, and Arrival there.—The Golden Pactolus.—House of Crœsus.—Temple of Cybele.—A Memory of the White-robed.

MY last closed abruptly in the midst of the battle of Laodicea, for so we call it when we recur to it. I am compelled to begin and end these sketches abruptly; and I can only beg pardon for their extreme rudeness. One whose best writing is done on the smooth side of his saddle when he lies down by it in the evening in his tent, must be content to write crabbed sentences, if he will persist in writing at all.

The field was ours, for the enemy had fled.

We now took a little breath, and looked at each other.

"A pleasant reception in Laodicea, Peter!"

"Rather, John."

"Are any of them dead?"

"Not unless that tall fellow yonder broke his neck. How his horse kicks! Put the poor beast out of misery, John."

Steenburger emptied his revolver into the head of the animal. At his first shot the two Turks looked up; at the second they stared; at the third they seized each man his turban; and at the fifth they buried their faces in the dust. "Fools to have fought with men who carried the weapons of Satan himself!" doubtless they both said; but again I could not understand them.

By this time our people arrived. They had heard the first shot, and hastened toward us.

Demetri, our interpreter, from Smyrna, soon learned who our friends were; and we were not a little annoyed to know that they were not robbers—at least, not professional gentlemen of the road. They were messengers from the Aga of a neighboring village, sent to demand buckshеesh; and they had demanded and got it. Unfortunately for them, they did not ask in the right way.

"Shall we run, or shall we stay and brass it out?" This was the question.

We concluded for the present to stay, and to stay in grand style. To be foremost, we adopted a novel style of Eastern diplomacy. We sent Demetri to the Aga to say that we had captured four of his people; that they were alive and well (barring two headaches); that they had attacked three of the lords of the West, governors of nations toward the sun's setting, who were strong, and powerful, and bold—and a great deal more of the same sort, the gist of which was that, if he didn't come and apologize before sunset, we would, at that time, broil them alive, and eat them without salt.

It was a cool message in such circumstances, but it was worth trying, since the chances seemed very poor in any other way.

Miss Grandison behaved like a soldier's daughter. On my honor I do not think she had a particle of fear about her. She laughed, joked, and even showed a little pistol that she always carried, and I doubt not would have used it.

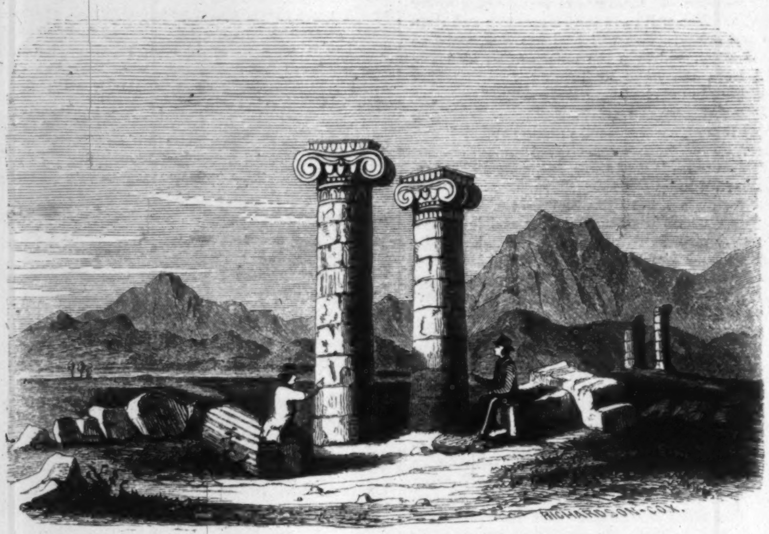
The Aga came half an hour before the time set. An extra large camp-fire blazed against a rock; and for a warm evening this looked suspicious. Our negotiation was long, but it was satisfactory. We squared accounts just where we stood, only agreeing that we should keep one of our captives as a hostage, and that we might remain two days at Laodicea. All this completed, we parted, and the Aga retired to his village, an hour distant.

"Miss Grandison, are you inclined for a night ride?"

"I am ready for any thing you think proper."

"Then please to gather your strength; for when the moon rises to-night we must be off, bag and baggage. These hounds will be on us in droves before morning; and I shall try to sleep in Philadelphia to-morrow morning, instead of Laodicea to-night."

It was a fearful ride, especially the crossing of the Meander. But we did it; and at eight o'clock next morning we were descending the slope of Tmolus and re-entering Philadelphia. We had done in twelve hours by night what is usually full sixteen hours' work by day. We amused ourselves by wondering what effect the first volley had on an empty tent which we left standing at Laodicea, and whether the scoundrel we left on the ground outside got the gag out of his mouth in time to save his throat from the fingers of his own kindred. Chatting of this, and in fine spirits at our safe arrival, notwithstanding our fatigue, we rode into the streets of the city, and put up at a khan which we found better than our former quarters. We remained two days in Philadelphia to rest ourselves, and then set out for Smyrna, by way of Sardis.


RICHARDSON-COX.

LAST COLUMNS OF THE TEMPLE OF CYBELE.

The latter city is ten hours from the place of brotherly love, but the sands of Pactolus are no longer golden.

The evening was sadly beautiful when we came down into the valley and approached the ruins of the city of Crœsus.

The dark, muddy stream of the river was for a little while like the metal for which it was once renowned, and flowed slowly along, as if the weight of its wealth was great.

Our tents were pitched near two columns that stood in lonely majesty on the plain, not far from the Pactolus, though at a distance of nearly a mile from the more extensive relics of the city.

Of the remains of Sardis the most stately and imposing are those two Ionic columns, which are the last upright portions of the great temple of Cybele. The temple itself was commenced in the sixth century before Christ. Whether these pillars are of that day may be doubted, but that the temple was founded as early as that the Grecian historians leave us no room to doubt. It stood in the time of Crœsus, who, you will remember, was defeated by Cyrus. The Gerruzia, or House of Crœsus, as it has been called, is in fair condition for a building of two thousand years old. It is, in fact, one of the best preserved relics of antiquity north of Egypt.

Never was moonlight more beautiful, never were stars more clear, than that night over the Acropolis of Sardis.

As I sat in the tent-door smoking and quietly talking there came over me a vision, or a memory, of exceeding beauty and power. In the solemn atmosphere that seemed to be like the escaped light of heaven, I began to believe I could see around me those who kept their robes unspotted in Sardis.

I had always from boyhood a very strong desire to see Sardis. There was something in that promise of white raiment to those who should be faithful—something in that sublime reward, "They shall walk with me in white"—which produced a lasting impression on my mind.

Some time when you go down the Ohio you will perhaps stop at a little town on the bank where there is a church and a belfry near it, and an old parsonage not far off, and a grave-yard also close at hand. Many such villages are there on the Ohio, but to me none such as that. It seemed so strange to sit on a fallen column at Sardis and talk to John Steenburger of the old church and the minister who, twenty years ago, preached one Sunday morning from the text, "And they shall walk with me in white." It seemed so strange to recall that sermon in the moonlight of Sardis. Its words rang in my ears; not rang—that is not the expression—they sounded in my ears like distant music, like the deeper notes of an Æolian.

Long ago the old clergyman put on his white robes forever and forever.

Long ago I saw him laid in the church-yard. And there was one—I may name her here, dear Ellen Layton, fairest and best of women, the pastor's daughter—whose memory is not out of keeping with moonlight on Sardis; who now is one of those that walk in white with brow of radiant purity.

Who knew that did not love her? Who remembers that does not weep to think of her? She was a slight, fair, fairy child, with light blue eyes and golden hair, and a voice full of the very melody of heaven.

Lo I, a wanderer on the plain of Sardis, sitting in my tent-door, bow down my head and honor her pure and perfect loveliness with the tears of a strong man.

Ten years ago, the very evening that I was at Sardis, she left us on the banks of the Ohio. Ten years ago she went from this world of ruined cities and a ruined race to the company of the white-robed of Sardis.

> "And she shall walk in pure white light
> With kings and priests abroad;
> And she shall summer high in bliss
> Upon the hills of God!"

"Hey, Peter—what's that? Poetry? Are you muttering rhyme to yourself, and giving us none of it?"

"Ah! John, I was thinking of Ellen Layton."

"Who is Ellen Layton, Peter? One of John's friends? It is time I learned more of his former attachments since he professes so much devotion to me. Who is the lady?"

"Lady no longer, dear Miss Kate. She once was a lady, but she is now a saint."

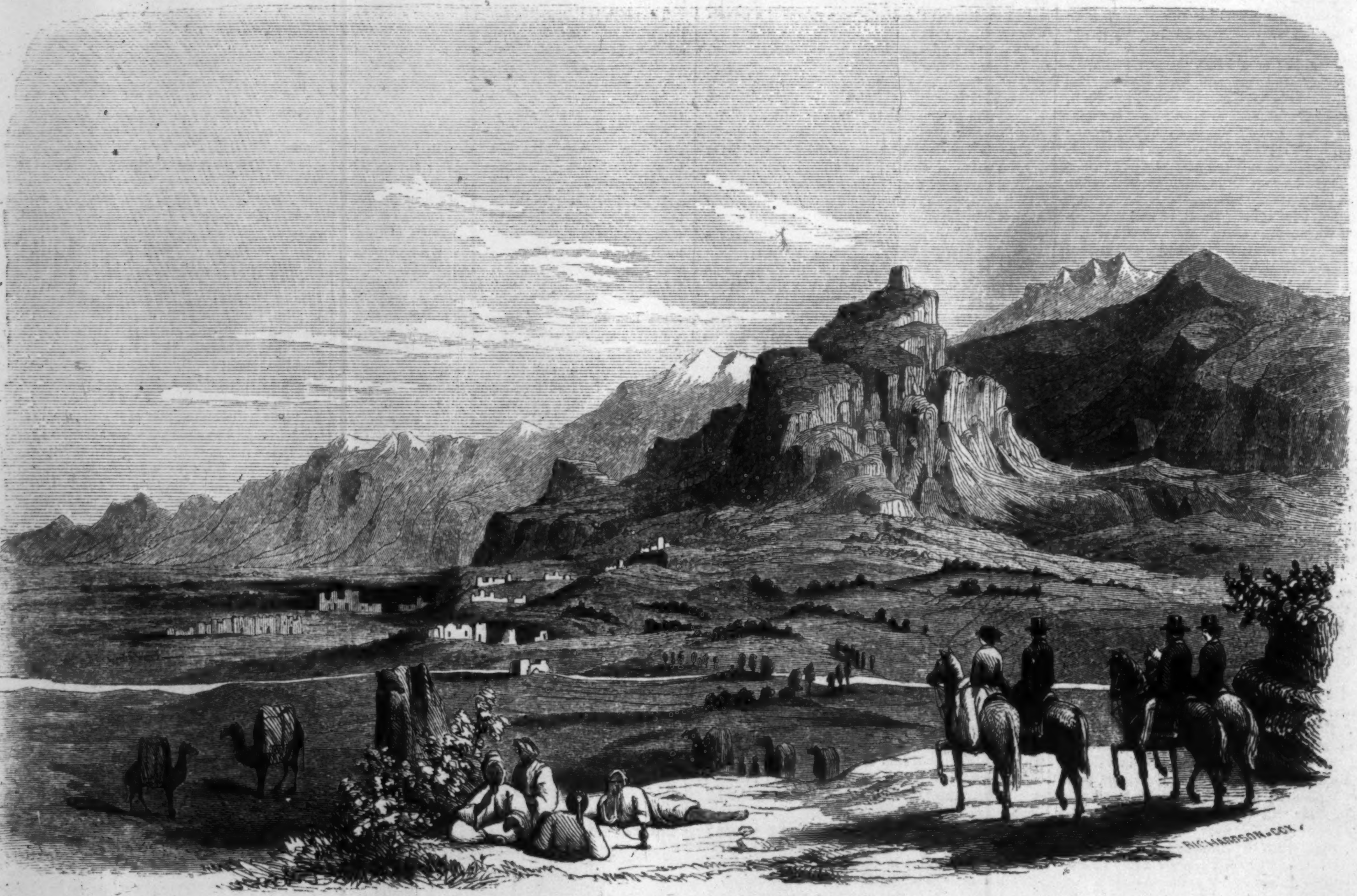
Perhaps my voice impressed her. She, too, was silent, and leaned her head on her father's shoulder. John lay on the pile of carpets just outside the tent. The light of the rising moon poured in on us all as we sat together silent, thoughtful, and sad.

Thus passed the evening at Sardis, and the Pactolus rolled its yellow sands seaward, nor staid to look on the wandering Americans.

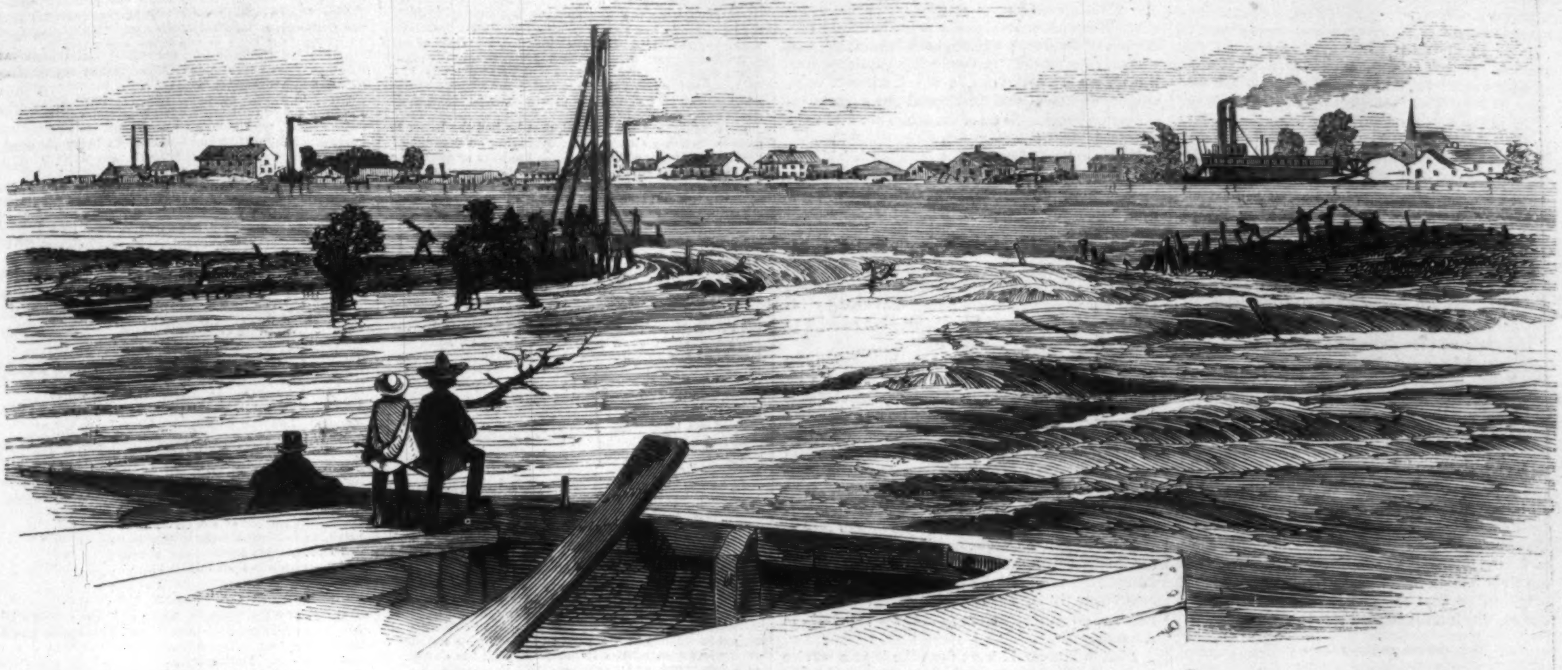
THE GREAT BELL CREVASSE.

OUR New Orleans correspondent furnishes us three interesting illustrations, on the opposite page, of the great crevasse on the plantation of J. M. Bell, Esq., one mile above the city of New Orleans, and on the opposite side of the river.

The surface of the valley through which flows the Lower Mississippi is in many places several feet lower than the usual surface of the river. This is kept in its proper bed by means of an immense embankment of earth, strengthened in places by piles and planks, and called a *levee;* which levee extends along what is called the Acadian coast, for many miles above New Orleans. That city and the many fair villages and rich cotton and sugar estates along the river bank, have only this levee between them and destruction; and the annual rising of the waters is, therefore, to many thousands a reasonable cause of anxiety. The State keeps


RICHARDSON-COX.

PLAIN AND RUINS OF SARDIS.

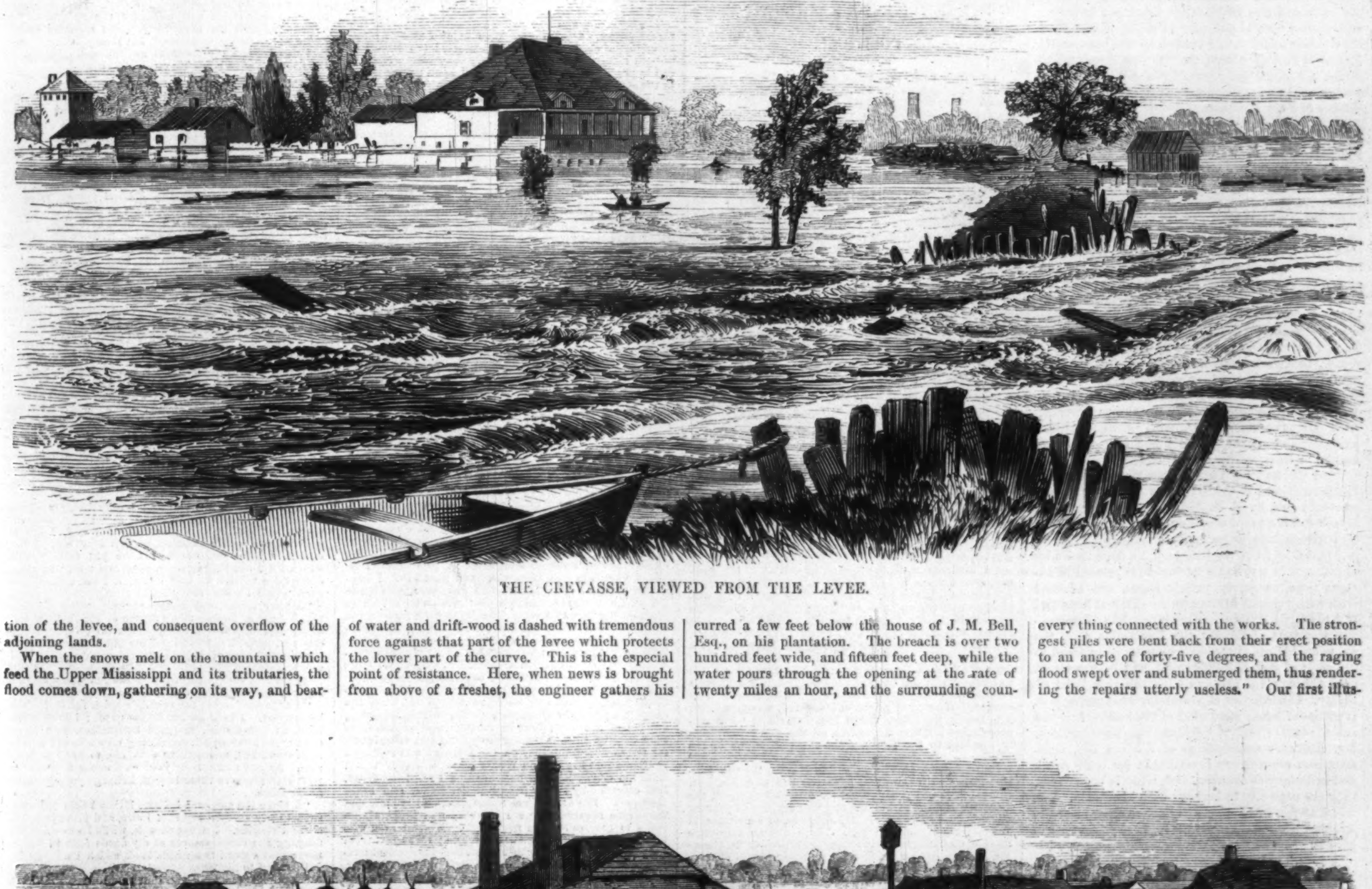


THE CREVASSE, WITH THE MISSISSIPPI BEYOND.

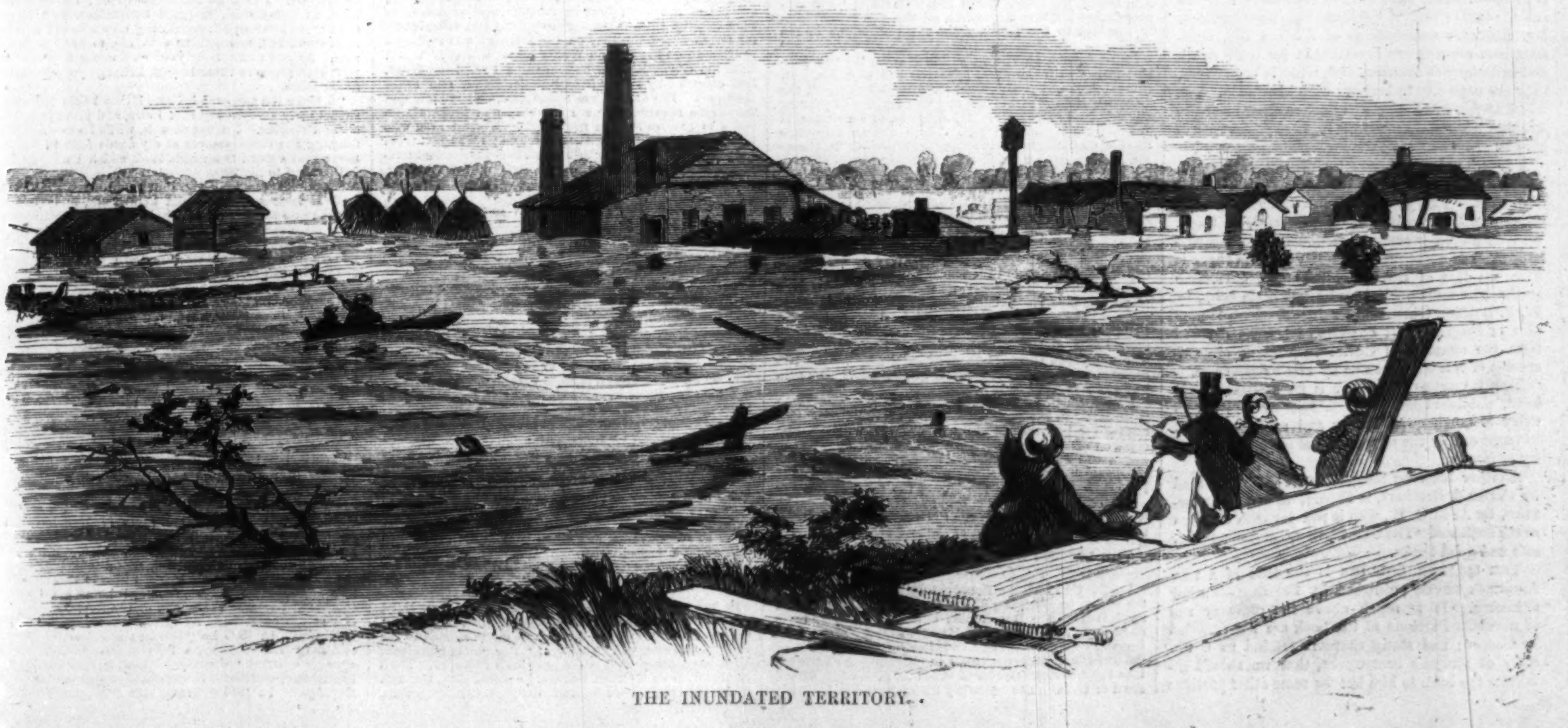
the levees in proper repair; a State engineer is appointed, who has this department of the public works under his charge; and we believe the State Government is held to a certain degree responsible for damage done to private property by the destruction of the levee, and consequent overflow of the adjoining lands.

When the snows melt on the mountains which feed the Upper Mississippi and its tributaries, the flood comes down, gathering on its way, and bearing with it, whatever of loose timber, trees, and common drift-wood it meets or washes from the shelving banks. If the river were straight but little harm would be done. It is in the short curves, which so abound on the lower river, that the mass of water and drift-wood is dashed with tremendous force against that part of the levee which protects the lower part of the curve. This is the especial point of resistance. Here, when news is brought from above of a freshet, the engineer gathers his forces, and endeavors to strengthen the embankment with backings of rows of piles, heaps of sand-bags, and whatever is calculated to aid in keeping back the roaring flood.

Our correspondent writes: "This crevasse occurred a few feet below the house of J. M. Bell, Esq., on his plantation. The breach is over two hundred feet wide, and fifteen feet deep, while the water pours through the opening at the rate of twenty miles an hour, and the surrounding country, for fifteen miles back, is navigable for boats. They began to repair the break by driving three rows of piles across; but had got only about half the distance from each side when the mighty waters swept away piles, pile-driver, flat-boats, and every thing connected with the works. The strongest piles were bent back from their erect position to an angle of forty-five degrees, and the raging flood swept over and submerged them, thus rendering the repairs utterly useless." Our first illus-



THE CREVASSE, VIEWED FROM THE LEVEE.



THE INUNDATED TERRITORY.

tration shows the break or crevasse, as viewed from a flat-boat in front of Mr. Bell's sugar-house. Beyond the break is the river, whose raging flood is pouring in upon the submerged land. On the point to the left is seen a pile-driving machine in a flat-boat. In the second illustration the crevasse is seen from the side, Mr. Bell's residence being in the back-ground. The third is a sketch of the submerged tract, viewed from the levee. The three will give our readers a proper idea of the manner and force of a crevasse.

One who visited the crevasse says: "We took passage from Algiers (opposite New Orleans) on one of a regular line of skiffs—proceeded along the track of the Opelousas Railroad, which is submerged, to Gretna, and then dodged about for openings in the fences through which our boats could pass, until we reached the break in the levee."

The great and long-continued rise in the Mississippi has endangered the levee at various points. The waters had, at latest accounts, risen to within about nine inches of the high-water mark of 1850—which year saw one of the most destructive floods known to the inhabitants of Louisiana. The crevasse which occurred in that year a few miles from New Orleans fairly submerged the city, to within two or three blocks of the levee. For several weeks all business was carried on in boats. Fears have been entertained that a similar disaster would be the consequence of the recent rise in the river; but so far the levee works on the New Orleans side of the river remain intact, and it is to be hoped that they will be kept so until the subsidence of the waters, which must happen shortly.

LITERARY.

Fred Markham in Russia (Harper & Brothers) is the title of a capital book for the young, by W. H. G. Kingston, who is already well known to them. In this he takes them with him to the land of the Czar, tells them all sorts of stories about the men and the curiosities there to be met with, gives them an occasional ride in a drosky or a sledge, or down an artificial ice-hill on a sled, shows them the serfs and the lords, takes them out hunting, and visits imperial palaces; in short, makes Russia familiar to his young readers by the pleasantest incidents and anecdotes, and by fine illustrations which ornament the pages. We can promise the young one who gets this book a delightful companion in Fred Markham.

Douglas Jerrold's Wit is not so fresh and sparkling on paper as it was from his lips. Still this book, which Ticknor & Fields reprint, is a most amusing companion, and will be hereafter the standard jest-book. Higher position can not be hoped for it. Wit, so called, is not wit technically. Sharp repartee, sarcasm, irony, satire, all these may exist in great perfection where there is little or no true wit; and this volume reduces the estimate we have been accustomed to place on Jerrold's wit in conversation. Many of his reported sayings are flat, many are rude, many were old and threadbare before Jerrold was born. On the other hand, some are choice and delicious, and there are enough of these to make the volume a desirable book for a reader, though it must be regretted, for Jerrold's reputation, that it has been collected.

Sheldon & Blakeman publish an excellent translation of Dr. Adolphe Monod's treatise on Woman, her Mission and Life, with a biographical sketch of the author, whose name is now so well known in this country.

The Course of True Love never did run Smooth (Rudd & Carlton), is a dainty little volume of verse, by T. B. Aldrich, the execution of which reflects great credit on all concerned. Mr. Aldrich has done his part toward making it a charming poem, and the publishers have done theirs by clothing it in a suitable garb. It is printed in antique type, on heavy yellow paper, and adorned with many quaint devices in the shape of head and tail pieces in Arabic. The subject of the poem—the Marriage of Giaffar the Barmecide with the sister of Haroun al Raschid—is peculiarly fitted to the caste of Mr. Aldrich's mind, and he has steeped it through and through with the rich light of poetry. It has faults, of course (for what young poet is without faults; nay, what old one either? if you come to that); but its spirit and tone are excellent. Mr. Aldrich's descriptions of Eastern life, manners, and scenery are remarkable for their depth and brilliancy of coloring, and, what is better still, they are perfectly in keeping with his theme. The wedding fête of Giaffar will bear reading after the Arabian Nights, which is the highest praise we can give it.

A fourth volume of the strong Sermons of Mr. Spurgeon appears from the press of Sheldon & Blakeman. The young Englishman grows more serious, and, if possible, more powerful, in these. We note a greater sense of responsibility, and perhaps more of consequent humility; while there is none the less of frank, bold, hearty, outspoken truth. The same publishers issue a little book, by W. P. Balfern, Glimpses of Jesus, which is popular in England. It consists of lessons derived from the example of Christ in various circumstances of His life given us by His biographers.

The Rambles of a Rat is an amusing little book, published by Carter & Brothers, in which there is much quiet humor and satire on men, brought out by the adventures of some of the family of Mus.

Another book for the younger folks, published by Carter & Brothers, is Flora, or Self-Deception, by A. L. O. E., who is popular with children as the author of "The Giant Killer," and some other safe and good books.

The Quaker Soldier is the title of a new American novel, published by Peterson—author unknown. It is much above the ordinary run of novels. Portions of the book are not excelled by Cooper; and many chapters remind us so forcibly of Simms's best works, that we should attribute the book to him but for some other portions which we do not think so practiced a novelist as Mr. Simms would have written. There is too much of the book, and history is too willingly sacrificed for the story; but the book is readable, and will make a mark. Peterson also publishes The Belle of Washington, a novel, wherein men, women, and things at the Capital are made to reappear on paper. Some of the actors are said to be sketched from life.

Ticknor & Fields publish another of Mayne Reid's stories, Ran away to Sea, which is the history (told by himself) of a boy who ran away from home and shipped on a vessel which turned out to be a slaver. After numerous adventures on the coast of Africa, she ships a load of slaves and, escaping a cruiser, puts to sea, but takes fire and is destroyed, the hero being rescued on a raft, where he comes within an ace of being devoured by his hungry companions, and is finally glad enough to get back to the home he ran from.

Some time since we noticed the publication, by Ticknor & Fields, of a volume of the Sermons of the late Rev. F. W. Robertson, the eloquent rector at Brighton, whose death was so mourned that strangers in the place imagined one of the royal family dead. They now publish a second series of his sermons, characterized by the same boldness of speech and compactness of thought. One of the sermons, on the doctrine of Baptism, is a remarkable effort, worth the price of the volume to read.

Rudd & Carleton have republished Miss Mulock's new book, A Woman's Thoughts about Women. Although it is essentially English in its chief characteristics, it is, nevertheless, worth every woman's reading, and we are glad to see it printed in America.

Dick & Fitzgerald have done the boys a service by issuing The Magician's own Book, with the assistance of which, it can not be doubted that ingenious youngsters will be able to astonish one another, scare their sisters and mothers, and with a reasonable amount of application, outdo Adrian and Blitz themselves. The book is abundantly illustrated, and promises stores of fun for evenings at home.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

POLITICAL.

CONGRESS.

In the Senate, on Monday, a resolution for the protection of American vessels against British aggression was introduced by Senator Seward, and passed. After some unimportant business, the various appropriation bills were taken up and passed as reported.——In the House, the case of the door-keeper, Hackney, occupied no little attention. He was dismissed by a vote of 141 against 34. The House refused to suspend the rules in order that General Quitman might introduce his resolution regulating the admission of future States. Mr. Chappel tried, unsuccessfully, to bring the House to agree to hold evening sessions. The House refused to consider a resolution by Mr. Morris, of Pennsylvania, for a revision of the tariff so as to produce more revenue. Mr. Barksdale, of Mississippi, offered a resolution, which was adopted, in reference to outrages upon our vessels in the West Indies by British ships-of-war.

The proceedings in the Senate on Tuesday were important. On motion of Mr. Douglas, the Oregon bill was taken up by the casting vote of the Vice-President. A long and interesting debate ensued, in the course of which Mr. Gwin and Mr. Douglas insisted upon the right of Oregon to exclude Chinamen and free negroes. A vote being reached, upon Mr. Trumbull's motion to postpone till December, it was lost; ayes, 16; nays, 38. The bill then passed; ayes, 37; nays, 17. So Oregon is admitted as far as the action of the Senate is concerned. A bill was passed for surveying the Texan boundary. Mr. Green introduced a resolution to settle our difficulties with New Granada, Nicaragua, and Mexico. It was referred.——In the House, Joseph L. Wright, of New Jersey, the Democratic candidate, was elected door-keeper, in the place of Hackney, dismissed. The Civil Appropriation Bill was then considered in Committee of the Whole. The amounts in the bill foot up $3,819,000. Some amendments were effected, among which were appropriations to the amount of $10,000 for life-boats on the coast of New Jersey and light-boats on Long Island Sound. The House refused to hold an evening session, and adjourned.

On Wednesday, in the Senate, on motion of Mr. Seward, a vote was taken on the bill to improve the harbor of Chicago. It was lost, 22 to 34. This vote was understood to be a test on harbor bills generally. A resolution was offered by Mr. Pugh in relation to the Tehuantepec route. The bill to repeal the Fishery Bounties came up, and the amendments being rejected, the bill passed by a final vote of 30 to 25—the repeal to take effect a year from the 31st of December next. The Homestead Bill was next taken up, but the Senate adjourned without a vote thereon.——In the House, the case of Brooks, who contested the seat of Davis, of Maryland, was dismissed. Mr. Davis, therefore, keeps his seat. The Civil Appropriation Bill was then taken up, and was subsequently reported to the House from the Committee of the Whole.

In the Senate, on Thursday, Mr. Hayne, the new Senator from South Carolina, appeared and took his seat. Private bills and propositions for pensions occupied the morning, and the rest of the day was devoted to hearing a lengthened speech from Mr. Johnson, of Tennessee, in favor of his Homestead Bill. There was an Executive Session, and after that the adjournment.——In the House Mr. Fenton, of New York, made an unsuccessful effort to introduce a resolution looking to the payment of claims to the amount of ten millions, and to a modification of the Tariff. Mr. Harris, of Illinois, reported in favor of Messrs. Phelps and Kavanagh, the members from Minnesota; whereupon a discussion arose, which lasted two hours—the Democrats striving to come to a vote, and the Opposition interposing parliamentary delays. Without any decisive action the House adjourned.

In the Senate, on Friday, an unusually large number of private bills were disposed of, and the private calendar was nearly cleared—a thing which seldom happens in Congress. Little business of public interest, and none of special note, was performed.——In the House almost the whole day was occupied in discussing whether the two members from Minnesota should be sworn in. The subject was postponed to Saturday.

No important business was transacted by Congress on Saturday. In the Senate Mr. Mason offered a resolution calling for information about Mexican and British outrages on our commerce. Mr. Wilson offered a resolution, which was agreed to, looking to retrenchments in the public expenditures. A discussion then ensued on the Homestead Bill.——In the House the topic of the day was the Minnesota election case; and Messrs. Phelps and Kavanagh, the members from the new State, were admitted to their seats by a vote of 135 to 63.

THE BRITISH AGGRESSIONS UPON AMERICAN COMMERCE.

On the 19th inst. the President sent a brief Message to the Senate transmitting divers documents in reply to the resolution on the late British outrages. Among these documents is a letter, dated May 4, to Lord Napier, from Secretary Cass, in which the latter refers to the act of the British war steamer *Styx* in overhauling and firing into the American merchant vessel *N. B. Borden*, off the coast of Cuba. The Secretary transmits to his Lordship a copy of a letter from the Collector of the Customs at Savannah, inclosing a statement of the captain of the *N. B. Borden*, by which it appears that an unjustifiable act of violence has been committed against a merchant vessel of the United States, to which the attention of her Britannic Majesty's Government is requested, in the confident expectation that the act will be disavowed, and such measures adopted as are called for by the circumstances, and as will tend to prevent the recurrence of similar proceedings hereafter.

Lord Napier replies, May 16, that he had the honor to receive Secretary Cass's letter, conveying an account of the circumstances which are alleged to have attended the boarding of the American vessel, *N. B. Borden*, by Her Majesty's steamer *Styx*. He says he has transmitted copies of General Cass's communication to Her Majesty's Government and to the Commander-in-Chief of Her Majesty's forces on the West India station.

THE INSTRUCTIONS TO MR. DALLAS.

In a letter dated the 12th inst. General Cass informs Mr. Dallas of the outrage committed by the British war steamer *Styx*. The Secretary says: "I beg you would communicate to Lord Malmesbury the earnest desire of the President that this practice, which seems to become more prevalent, of detaining and searching American vessels, should be discontinued, and that the most peremptory order for that purpose should be given and enforced. Such a measure is called for by important considerations, which will readily occur to you. While the Government is determined to use all proper exertions for the suppression of the slave-trade, it is not less desirous that the just immunities of vessels of the United States upon the ocean should be preserved, whatever may have been the true object of it."

In another letter to Mr. Dallas, dated the 18th, Secretary Cass mentions other cases of forcible detentions and searches of American vessels by British armed ships-of-war in the Gulf of Mexico and adjoining seas. After stating that every particular case will be made the subject of reclamation upon the British Government, the Secretary goes on to say: "In addition to these aggressions on the high seas, an indefensible act of violence against several of our merchant vessels, said to be eleven in number, a forcible entry and examination has been committed by a British armed steamer in the harbor of Sagua la Grande in the Island of Cuba. No authentic report has reached the Department with the exception of a letter from our Consul-General at Havana, and of which a copy is transmitted. Proper measures have been taken to procure all the necessary information, which will be forwarded you. When all the facts have been ascertained, proper representations will be made without delay to the Government of Her Catholic Majesty, against this search of American vessels by the naval force of another power, within the territorial jurisdiction of Spain. The Government of the United States is satisfied that the Government of that country will adopt the most efficient measures to protect their vessels resorting to Spanish ports from lawless violence. Such protection they are entitled to; and if it is not secured elsewhere it must be found in the power of our own country."

The Secretary adds: "These flagrant violations of the rights of the United States have excited deep feeling through the country, and have attracted the attention of both Houses of Congress. Their continuance can not fail to produce the most serious effect upon the relations of the countries. The President confidently believes that the British naval officers, in the adoption of these high-handed measures, have acted without the authority, and have mistaken the views of their Government. But it is not less due to the United States that their conduct shall be disavowed, and peremptory orders issued to prevent the recurrence of similar proceedings."

NAVAL INSTRUCTIONS.

In a letter to Secretary Toucey, dated May 13, General Cass says, that in view of the outrages committed on our commerce, it is proper that a war-vessel should be dispatched to the Gulf, with instructions to give protection to all American vessels that need it.

The Secretary of the Navy, in a letter to the President dated the 19th of May, says that the United States steamer *Fulton*, Captain Aimy, had been ordered to cruise actively on the northern coast of Cuba, and take such measures as may be deemed necessary to protect all vessels of the United States on the high seas from search or detention from vessels of war of any other nation. Orders have been also given for the preparation of the razee *Savannah* and brig *Dolphin* to join the home squadron for the purpose of cruising in the neighborhood of Cuba, and that the steam-frigate *Wabash*, now fitting out in New York as the flag-ship of the Mediterranean squadron, has been directed to show her flag in those waters, and protect at all times the persons and property of American citizens.

THE REPORTED MORMON SUBMISSION.

Various reports have reached us affirming that the Mormons have submitted to Federal authority. The reports certainly need confirmation before they can be received as true, and we give them without indorsement. The first news of the kind, representing that Brigham Young himself was anxious for peace and had invited Governor Cumming to assume his official duties, was undoubtedly an exaggeration. It is mentioned, however, as a fact, of which there can be no doubt, that Governor Cumming had received assurances of protection if he would visit the Salt Lake City, and that he had consented to do so. This information was communicated to the St. Louis *Republican* by a gentleman who left Camp Scott on the 10th of April. The *Republican* says on the subject: "In order to account for this change in the aspect of affairs, it may be well to premise that Colonel Thomas L. Kane, who was sent out as a Peace Commissioner, by way of California, arrived in Great Salt Lake City on the 25th of February; that he remained there eight days; that after that time he proceeded to Camp Scott; that, while there, he frequently passed from the camp to a place of conference with the leading Mormons, outside of the city; that in pursuance of negotiations then entered into, Governor Cumming left Camp Scott for Great Salt Lake City on the 5th, and was met by a gentleman on the 9th, on Weber River, two days' travel from the city. He was accompanied by Colonel Kane, and escorted by Porter Rockwell, H. Egan, and other Mormons. His arrival was anticipated on the 11th, and handsome apartments were provided and preparations made to receive him in good style. A gentleman who knows all about the Mormon people, and was just from Salt Lake City, told our informant that the general feeling was in favor of peace, only a portion of the leaders, perhaps those who had offended against the laws, advocating resistance."

Later intelligence announces the arrival of Colonel Kane at Leavenworth. Colonel Kane is reported to have stated that Brigham Young had abdicated, and that Governor Cumming, at last dates, was thirty miles from Salt Lake City, accompanied by a deputation of fifty Mormons sent to meet him.

OFFICIAL DOUBTS ABOUT THE UTAH NEWS.

The Washington *Union* says: "It is hardly necessary to say that we distrust the telegraphic news which announces the capitulation of the Mormons and the establishment of peace in Utah. It is not improbable that Mr. Kane, who is but a private person, having no commission of any sort from the Government, has succeeded, through his mysterious personal relations with the Mormons, in inducing that people to invite Governor Cumming to Salt Lake City, and to recognize his official authority. If this be so, and Governor Cumming has actually proceeded to the Mormon city, some armistice or truce may hereafter result from his presence in the city; but it is altogether improbable that the war has come to the sudden and abrupt termination announced by the telegraph. These advices, through private channels, it must be remembered, are unaccompanied, as usual, by concurrent advices through official channels; for no confirmation has been received of them by the Government."

MORMON DUPLICITY.

A writer in the Washington *Union*, who has lived among the Mormons for a year, and knows the habits of the people, assures us that they will never submit to the Federal Government. He says: "The recent news from Utah is precisely what might have been expected. It all originates from Mormon sources. Colonel Rich, through whom the intelligence comes to the St. Louis *Republican*, is one of the Twelve Apostles of the so-called Mormon Church, and was, till called home last fall by Brigham Young, the apostolic head of the Mormon settlement at San Bernardino, California. Deception is the great lever by which they hope to overthrow the republic. They deceived Mr. Fillmore and his Cabinet, who appointed Brigham Young Governor of Utah. They deceived Mr. Pierce and his Cabinet, and led them into the same inactive policy that so unfortunately characterized Mr. Fillmore's Administration. They hoped and relied on their agents, 'not known as Mormons,' to deceive and mislead Mr. Buchanan and his Cabinet; hence the prophecies of Brigham to his followers, that there would be 'no fighting'—'the Lord would fight their battles for them'—'they would live in Utah to make and gather many crops unmolested,' etc., etc.; on these prophecies the people relied with religious faith, as did Brigham and his coadjutors, till it was discovered that Mr. Buchanan and his Cabinet could not be deceived and misled by them. Now we are assured that Mr. Kane has succeeded in his mission, that the Mormons have laid down their arms and invited Governor Cumming into Great Salt Lake City."

THE SUPPOSED MORMON RETREAT.

The White River Mountains, to which it has been said the Mormons propose to retreat when they leave the Salt Lake, are thus described by the same writer: "This district of country is situated in the southwestern portion of the Territory of Utah, bounded on the west by the Sierra Nevada Mountains, on the north by the Humboldt River Mountains, on the east by the Desert and the southern spurs of the Goose Creek Mountains, on the south by the Sierra Nevada and the intervening spurs of the great Sierra Madre Mountains. This throws them about six hundred miles further into the mountain fastenings of the continent, in the midst of the richest gold district on the Pacific coast. By this movement they hope to allay the apprehensions of the Government and the public at large, while they will push forward with redoubled force and energy their schemes of immigration, colonization, and accumulation of native wealth and munitions of war."

SUICIDE OF "FRANK FORRESTER."

Henry William Herbert, familiarly known by his *nom de plume* of "Frank Forrester," committed suicide at the Stephens House in this city at about two o'clock A.M. on the 17th inst. During Sunday the 16th he was in the company of his friend, Mr. Phillip Hone Anthon, and was very much depressed in spirits. He had frequently threatened that he would put an end to his life. Mr. Anthon sat up with him on the night of the suicide, with the view of preventing the unfortunate man from laying violent hands on himself, and of bringing him, if possible, back to reason. The two were conversing together when Mr. Herbert retired, apparently for a moment, to the bedroom adjoining. A few seconds after he disappeared Mr. Anthon heard the report of a pistol, and Herbert came staggering back, exclaiming, "I told you I would do it." The blood was pouring from a wound in his chest, which he himself had inflicted. He must have torn his shirt aside and presented the muzzle of the weapon against his bare body. The servants of the house were quickly summoned, but Henry William Herbert was beyond the reach of medical aid. He lay on the floor, groaned a few times, and then died.

THE LAST WISHES OF THE DECEASED.

Mr. Herbert left two extraordinary letters, one directed "To the Coroner," and the other "To the Press of the United States." In the former he says: "To avoid all trouble, and simplify your duty, I have to state that I have taken my own life by a pistol-shot, no one being privy to my doing it, or to my design. My reason for this act consists in no remorse for what I have done, or left undone; from no pecuniary pressure, from no inability, or fear of inability to support myself, from no weak fear of public opinion, least of all of the public opinion of Newark, which I do now, as I always have done, utterly disregard and despise, from no embarrassment arising from any indebtedness. The reason for this act, then, is simple. My life, long, sad, solitary, and weary, and without an object, has become utterly hopeless, hateful, and unendurable. A hope had been kindled in my heart again; my home had got a light in it brighter than sunshine; my life had a purpose; I loved her unutterably. I was immeasurably happy—all this has been dashed down—all is lost forever. Home—hope—sunshine, *she*—let life go likewise, since, henceforth, it is only another word for torture."

In his letter to the Press Mr. Herbert said: "Of my private history few men know any thing—fewer, still, know much—no one knows the whole; it can not concern the public to know any thing. As a writer, let me be judged—as a man, let my God judge me.

"I implore not praise, not a favorable construction—I implore silence. For what I have to account with God let me account with God, and not with man, who may uncertainly perceive and distinguish facts, but certainly can not perceive causes, and divine motives and intentions.

"I do not even ask charity; I only implore silence. Let the good that I have done, if any, be interred with my bones; let the evil also. For the evil, I can say positively, is such as can do no evil after me. I have taught, I have inculcated, I have put forth nothing which I did not believe to be good and true. In all my life I have written no line of which I am ashamed—no word which I desire to blot.

"I have done many things wrongly, many things of which I am ashamed, many things of which I have sincerely repented, many things under the pressure of poverty and necessity, to which I am not accustomed by my education, which, I hope, I should not do again under any temptation.

"I am very sorry. I have been weak at times, and have fallen—who has not done so?

"For justice' sake, for charity's sake, for God's sake, let me rest. I bear an honorable name; I have striven hard, in great trial, in great temptation, in a foreign country, in a false position, among men who did not, perhaps could not, sympathize with me, to keep it honorable. As you would have your own name honored, and your sons preserve them to you, I charge you, do not dishonor mine.

"I leave the means, I believe, if they be carefully managed, to pay every thing that I owe, and perhaps to leave a small surplus. I never shrank, while I was alive, from meeting the consequences of my deeds face to face. I never said a word to a man's back which I would not or did not say to his face.

"Remember now, all you that would assail me, *that my back is turned* forever—that henceforth, forever, I can disprove no slander that is spoken of me: that with me no witness can be ever more confronted; that from no accusation, how false soever, can I prove myself not guilty. Of all cowardice, the most base and cruel is to strike the dead, who can make no defense or answer.

"Remember, also, when you judge me, that of all lives mine has been, almost, the most unhappy. No counselor, no friend, no country, have been mine, for six-and-twenty years. Every hope has broken down under my foot, as soon as it has touched it. Every spark of happiness has been quenched as soon as it had been kindled. If I have sinned much, and sorrowed much, I have also *loved* much—more, perhaps, than I have either sinned or sorrowed. It is the last drop that overflows the golden bowl, the last tension that breaks the silver cord. My hope is gone—my last love and my life go together, and so good-night to Henry Herbert.

"*May* 17, 1858."

MR. HERBERT'S LIFE AND WRITINGS.

Mr. Herbert, who was in his 52d year, belonged to a noble English family. He was the son of the Reverend William Herbert—formerly Dean of Manchester, and eminent for his poetical and scientific writings—and grandson of the Earl of Pembroke. Henry Herbert was educated at Eton and Cambridge, and took his degree in 1829. Reverse of fortune brought him to this country in 1831. For some years afterward he was engaged as teacher of Greek in the school of the Rev. Mr. Huddart, and at the same time he edited the *American Monthly Magazine*. In 1835 he published a historical romance entitled "The Brothers, a Tale of the Fronde;" in 1837, a novel entitled "Cromwell;" and in 1839 another historical tale, entitled "Marmaduke Wyvil, or the Maid's Revenge." In 1846 appeared the "Roman Traitor," a romance founded on the conspiracy of Cataline. In 1848 he published a metrical translation of the Prometheus and the Agamemna of Æschylus. In 1851 he published "The Captains of the Old World;" and since then the "Cavaliers of England," the "Knights of England, Scotland and France," and the "Chevaliers of France." But the works by which he is best known, and will be longest remembered, are those on the game of America. His first works of this class were his "Field Sports" and "Fish and Fishing" of North America. His last published volume was on the "American Horse." Mr. Herbert was twice married. He was only wedded to his second wife in February of this year, and the manner in which he was introduced to her was, of itself, quite a romantic incident. Last November, as the story goes, he stood talking with a friend in Fifth Avenue, and saw a lady pass, who attracted his attention. The "Bread or Work" excitement was at this time at its height; suddenly two cadaverous ruffians rushed by, and one of them struck the lady in the face, saying, "What right have you got to wear fine clothes?" She screamed—Herbert rushed to the rescue, demolished the ruffians, accompanied the lady to the Brevoort House, where she resided, gave her his card, received her thanks, and learned that her name was Miss Adele R. Budlong, and that she lived in Rhode Island. This adventure led to a correspondence and a courtship, and on the 16th of February following Herbert married Miss Budlong. The bridegroom was 51 years of age, and the bride had not seen twenty summers. Herbert was of an extremely passionate disposition, and of irregular and eccentric habits. His young wife, probably, did not understand the strange character to which she was mated; and being unable to agree, the bride and bridegroom of six weeks' standing parted forever. Grief at this event, and at the refusal of his wife to see him again, were declared by Herbert himself to be the cause which prompted him to commit suicide. Mr. Herbert had lived for several years past at his residence called "The Cedars," near Newark, New Jersey. Thence he was carried to the Cemetery and buried; but no sacred words were said over his grave, for it was the grave of a suicide. It was his own wish that the word *infelicissimus* should only be engraved on his tomb, and, perhaps, it would be his most appropriate epitaph.

PERSONAL.

General Persifer F. Smith, Commander of the Utah forces, died at Fort Leavenworth at half past twelve o'clock on Monday morning the 17th instant. The General had been for a long time seriously ill with chronic diarrhea. His remains left Fort Leavenworth for the East on the 19th. General Smith was born in Philadelphia in November 1798. He followed the profession of the law in New Orleans until the breaking out of the Florida war in 1836, in which he commanded the Louisiana volunteers. He did not enter the regular army until 1846. He served with great distinction during the Mexican war, and in 1847 was promoted to the rank of Major-General for his gallant conduct and valuable services at Contreras. At the conclusion of the war General Smith was ordered to California, where he held command of the Military Department. He afterward held a similar command in Texas, and lastly at St. Louis.

On the night of the 18th instant Anson G. Phelps, Esq., died very suddenly at his residence in this city. Mr. Phelps was distinguished among New York merchants for his philanthropy, public spirit, and wealth.

The celebrated Dr. Robert Hare died in Philadelphia on the 15th instant at the advanced age of 77. For many years Dr. Hare has been regarded as an unimpeachable authority in chemical science. His discoveries have been valuable and numerous; and, for this reason, his fallacies, of late years, should be charitably passed over. During a considerable period previous to his death Dr. Hare was a practical believer in the absurdities of "Spiritualism," and much of his time was taken up with the fantastic delusion that he could convert baser metals into gold.

Mr. Robert Purviance, Sen., died, recently, in Baltimore, of which city he was an old and prominent resident. He saw service at the battle of North Point.

The Albany *Knickerbocker* revives the story of the "last Bourbon." A lot of old cash books belonging to the Albany firm of B. & J. R. Bleecker, extending from the years 1799 to 1802, have recently been examined, from which it appears that firm were the bankers of a French gentleman, named De Jourdin, who arrived in Albany in 1799. De Jourdin was an *attaché* of the French Court, and arrived here with a lad whom he announced as the son of the King of France. The venerable Mrs. Blandina Dudley, founder of the Albany Observatory, is the principal witness to prove the identity of this youth. She claims to have a perfect recollection of the arrival of the parties in Albany. The Rev. Eleazer Williams, professes to be able to prove that he is the boy who was with De Jourdin, first at Albany, then at Whitehall and Fort Edward.

Governor Trousdale, American Minister in Brazil for five years past, has returned to his home in Tennessee.

The Turkish Admiral and suite visited the Navy Yard at Portsmouth, New Hampshire, on the 19th, where they were received by a salute. They partook of a collation at the house of the commandant, and afterward dined at Rockingham House, the Mayor presiding. The Turks expressed themselves greatly pleased with the yard, especially with the three-decker *Franklin*, which they examined throughout. The Admiral was to remain a few days at Boston, whence he would proceed to Niagara Falls and to other places of interest in the country.

Inkpadata, the terrible Indian chief, whose band committed so many murders in southern Minnesota, last summer, has been captured.

Captain Phillips, the leader of the New Orleans "Thugs," was brutally murdered in that city on the night of the 20th.

Sir Henry Bulwer, formerly British Minister to the United States and one of the negotiators of the famous Clayton-Bulwer treaty, has been appointed British Embassador at Constantinople.

FOREIGN NEWS.

ENGLAND.

PARLIAMENT.

THE Parliamentary proceedings for the week ending the 12th inst. have been interesting. In the House of Commons the bill abolishing property qualification for members of Parliament had been debated, and was passed to a second reading amidst some cheering. The question is regarded as a significant test on the subject of Parliamentary reform, and meets with Government support.

On the 10th, in the House of Lords, the Earl of Shaftesbury gave notice that on the 14th he should move a resolution condemning the conduct of the Government in publishing their dispatch to the Governor-General of India.

In the House of Commons, Mr. Cardwell gave notice that, on the 13th inst., he should move the following resolution: "That this House, while it abstains from expressing any opinion upon the policy of any proclamation issued by the Governor-General of India in relation to Oude, has seen with regret and serious apprehension that her Majesty's Government has addressed to the Governor-General of India, through the Secret Committee of the India House, a dispatch condemning in strong terms the conduct of the Governor-General of India; and that they are of opinion such a course on the part of Government must tend, under the present circumstances of India, to produce a most prejudicial effect, by weakening the authority of the Governor-General, and by encouraging further resistance on the part of those who are still in arms against us."

THE BRITISH PRESS ADVOCATING AMERICAN EXPANSION.

The London *Times*, in a late number, published an article, which has attracted attention, on American expansion southward. The *Times* says, in effect, that absorption of the weaker republics of Central and South America by the United States can not be long delayed should America now pursue the course that seems imminent. The change as regards the English interest, assuming that the Americans will honestly provide for the existing debts of the various States in question, can not but be a great improvement upon their present position. The writer thinks that far more opposition will be shown to the extension at home than abroad.

THE ATLANTIC TELEGRAPH.

All the wire of the Atlantic Telegraph has been removed from the tanks at Keyham, excepting about 200 miles, which are in the course of removal, at the rate of about two miles per hour, to the *Niagara*. Up to 9 o'clock of the 1st of May she had received 1070 miles, viz.: ward-room coil, 312; hold, 338; lower deck, 170; and main-deck, 250. The last-named will receive from thirty to forty more; the after-tank, on deck, 200 miles; and a second deck forward 150 miles. The balance of the wire is daily expected from the manufactory by the *Adonis* and another steamship. The total length shipped last year was 1255 miles; this year the *Niagara* will take 1468. Across the after-tank there is a stage, on which is fitted, right over the cone in the centre, a horizontal flanged wheel, with the spindle fore-and-aft; from this wheel the wire runs once round a vertical revolving barrel, and is then guided by a horizontal roller to the paying machine over the stern. This coil will be discharged first, and will be followed by the main-deck coil, then the lower deck and hold, and finally the ward-room. The *Agamemnon* has received all her portion of the wire from Keyham, and, like the *Niagara*, is expecting some from the *Adonis*. She has in her upper deck 233 miles; orlop, 95; and main-hold 932. Here, then, is space for 210 additional miles, which will complete her lading to 1470 miles, about the same quantity as that on board the frigate, and, like her, 200 miles more than last year. The measurement is by statute miles.

PORTRAIT OF SIR COLIN CAMPBELL.

A writer in the London *News* thus describes Sir Colin Campbell, who, by-the-way, will be immediately raised to the peerage for his eminent services in India. He says: "Sir Colin's is a most remarkable countenance. Beneath a solid brow expressive of comprehensive combination, and above a mouth bespeaking immovable firmness, his eyes look out with what at first appears a dreamy heaviness, but which impresses us, when longer looked into, with the conviction that they see every thing. The turbulent close-curling hair is in keeping with the features, and adds to the *unique* expression. The whole bespeaks a man who can bide his time, but who, as soon as the moment for action comes, strikes home with the resistless rapidity of the lightning."

ALLSOP'S VOYAGE TO AMERICA.

A correspondent of the Yorkshire *Gazette* writes: "I ascertained yesterday that some friends of mine, a gentleman and his wife, who have recently gone to New York, made the voyage in the same packet with Allsop. He was particularly attentive, rendering them many little services, such as an old voyager can perform for young travelers. He became a general favorite on board; and great surprise, as well as regret, was experienced when it was found that a reward was offered for his apprehension as an accomplice in the horrible attempt of Orsini and Pierri, in the Rue Lepellitier."

CHARLES DICKENS ON LITERATURE.

A grand dinner was recently given in London in honor of the inauguration of the new exhibition of pictures and sculpture at the Royal Academy. Sir Charles Eastlake occupied the Chair, and a brilliant assemblage of guests sat down to table, including some of the first nobility and first statesmen of the land. In answer to a toast to literature, coupled with the names of Dickens and Thackeray, the former said: "Following the order of your toast, I have to take first part in the duet to be performed in acknowledgment of the compliment you have paid to literature. In this home of art I feel it to be too much an interchange of compliments, as it were between near relations, to enter into any lengthened expression of our thanks for the honor you have done us. I feel that it would be changing this splendid assembly into a sort of family party.—[A laugh.] I may, however, take leave to say that your sister, whom I represent, is strong and healthy—[A laugh]—she has a very great affection for, and an undying interest in you; and it is always a very great gratification to her to see herself so well remembered within these walls, and to know that she is an honored guest at your hospitable board."—[Cheers and laughter.]

THACKERAY'S SPEECH.

Mr. Thackeray then said: "My Lords, Mr. Chairman, and Gentlemen,—Permit me to say that had it not been for the direct act of my friend who has just sat down, I should most likely never have been included in the toast which you have been pleased to drink; and I should have tried to be not a writer but a painter, or designer of pictures. That was the object of my early ambition, and I can remember when Mr. Dickens was a very young man, and had commenced delighting the world with some charming humorous works of which I can not mention the name—[Laughter]—but which were colored light green, and came out once a month.—[A laugh.] This young man wanted an artist to illustrate his writings, and I recollect walking up to his chambers with two or three drawings in my hand, which, strange to say, he did not find suitable.—[Laughter.] But for that unfortunate blight which came over my artistical existence, it would have been my pride and my pleasure to have endeavored one day to find a place on these walls for one of my performances. This disappointment caused me to direct my attention to a different walk of art, and now I can only hope to be 'translated' on these walls, as I have been, thanks to my talented friend Mr. Egg—[Hear, hear.] I shall, however, ever think with pride and pleasure of my name having been mentioned from that chair, always connecting it with the person who first sat in it. You, Sir, know whence he came, and we, gentlemen, are all aware that the knight of Plymouth has not left the knight of Plympton behind him.—[Cheers.] Sir Joshua Reynolds was one of the most delightful of men, and to have been well spoken of from his chair is one of the greatest gratifications I could experience.—[Hear, hear.] The men of my profession have long been connected with painters. I myself have had the happiness to number several among the dearest friends of my life. You yourself, Sir, have mentioned that Goldsmith always attended these anniversaries; and I understand that Johnson too was present in the very last year of his life. Despite the shortness of his breath, he delighted to walk up the stairs of the Royal Academy, and sit at the feast of the good Sir Joshua. And we who have no asthma, nor any long steps to get up—[A laugh]—shall always be happy to receive your welcome and partake of your hospitality." [Cheers.]

FRANCE.

SUING FOR AN IDEA.

The Paris correspondent of the London *Globe* writes: "Talking of *les braves Belges*, we were treated to a most laughable trial before the civil tribunal, between a celebrated Belgian painter, Mr. Stevens, and a Mr. Vandenhall, his compatriot, keeper of a beer-shop and Belgian cookery, in the Faubourg St. Antoine. Finding few customers, the cook applied to the artist, who suggested a bold plan to placard the neighborhood with 'Splendid sausages served at three sous, all hot! two gold Napoleons inserted in each hundred!' Crowds came, there was luck about the house, till it was remarked that the nuggets were generally found on the plates of a select set of customers. Fair play is a jewel, a general row was the result, the kitchen was gutted, and the splendid sign-board, '*Saucisson d'or!*' dragged down ignominiously. Stevens sued for 15,000 francs, the value of his 'idea:' Vandenhall held a bill of Stevens; both were laughed out of Court, lotteries being illegal in France, except for clerical purposes."

RACHEL'S GUITAR AND LABLACHE'S SNUFF-BOXES.

The sale of Rachel's effects has been going on for some days in Paris. The famous guitar was put up, but the auctioneer was fairly shamed into the admission that it was equally authentic with the various apocryphal articles brought from Palestine at the time of the Crusades, and the fall of the Byzantine Empire, now scattered through Spanish, Italian, French, and German churches. In point of fact, it never was played on in coffee-houses by young Eliza Felix at all; and accordingly it fetched its intrinsic value, six francs. It is said that Sarah Felix has caused a sheriff's officer to seize the copy a French lady artist made of her sister Rachel's photograph, she claiming copyright in that painful effigy. It was taken after death, which occurred, as often described in the Old Testament, with her "face to the wall;" that wall had to be broken through for the purpose.

Lablache's snuff-boxes are going for enormous prices; 6000 francs is not an uncommon bid for some. The Garrick enamel miniature was thought cheap at 3000 francs.

RUSSIAN GALLANTRY.

A celebrated cantatrice, now "starring" it in Paris, lately received from a Muscovite prince a handsome brooch in diamonds, in acknowledgment of admiration; but not wishing to accept a gift, the motive of which might be misconstrued, she returned it with warm thanks. Next day she received a letter from the prince, approving highly of her decision, but the writing in this letter had a singularly glistening appearance, and it was afterward found that the magnate, not to be outdone in generosity, had reduced the returned diamonds to fine powder, with which he had besprinkled the wet ink, and had thus insured the acceptance of his homage!

INDIA.

INTERIOR OF THE KAISERBAGH.

The special correspondence of the *Times*, from the seat of war in India, received here by the last mail, completes the series of graphic accounts given by Mr. Russell of the Fall of Lucknow. We quote from his last letter, dated March 20: "The Kaiserbagh can not be described. The place is a series of palaces, kiosks, mosques, all of fanciful Oriental architecture—some light and graceful, others merely fantastic and curious, connected generally by long corridors arched and open in the front, or by extensive wings, which inclose the courts and gardens contained within the outer walls. In every room throughout the endless series there was a profusion of mirrors in ponderous gilt frames. A universal gilding of cornices, furniture, and every thing that would bear the process, seemed the prevailing taste in the Royal Court. From every ceiling hung glass chandeliers of every age, form, color, and design. As to the furniture, in many instances it looked like collections from the lumber-rooms of all the old palaces in Europe—Louis Quatorze clocks and cabinets, renaissance mirrors and chairs, buhl-worked ebony chests, marqueterie tables, solid lumpy old German state-chairs, gilt all over; but these were relieved by the richest carpets, by sumptuous divans, by cushions covered with golden embroidery, by rich screens of Cashmere shawls, and by table-covers ponderous with pearls and gold. In some of the rooms there were a few good pictures, said to be by Sir Joshua Reynolds, Lawrence, Zoffany, and Beechey, but I did not see any traces of Sir Joshua on the walls when I entered, and there was only one picture which looked at all like a Lawrence. There were numerous portraits of the present and former kings of Oude, and oil copies of the portraits of Governors-General, of Wellington, Nelson, George IV., and Bonaparte, many Chinese drawings, French crayons, and English engravings of all sorts—even those from 'Williamson's Wild Sports of the East,' an old, and almost forgotten book on tiger-hunting—in gorgeous frames; but the hand of the spoiler was heavy among them all. Those hung out of the reach of the musket-stock or bayonet were scarcely safe from a bullet or the leg of a table. Down came chandeliers in a tinkling, clattering rain of glass—crash! crash! crash! door and window, and mirror and pendule! Sikh and soldier were reveling in destruction, and delirious with plunder and mischief. Those who could not get in at once to carry on the work searched the corridors, battered off the noses, legs, and arms of the statues in the gardens, or, diving into cellars, either made their fortunes by the discovery of unsuspected treasure, or lost their lives at the hands of concealed fanatics. There was no time to guard against indiscriminate plunder, inasmuch as it never was expected that the Kaiserbagh and all its treasures would have fallen that day into our hands. It was stormed at once, but it could scarcely be said that any great resistance was offered by the enemy.

PILLAGE OF THE KAISERBAGH.

"Our men were in high delight with the gay dresses of the eunuchs which they found in some of the rooms, and it was with difficulty they were induced to take off the crowns of lace and peacock's plumes, and bird of paradise feathers, and the sword-belts they stuck over their heads and shoulders. In the next court, which was sheltered from fire by the walls around it, our men had made a great seizure of rich plunder. They had burst into some of the state apartments, and they were engaged in dividing the spoil of shawls and lace and embroidery of gold and silver and pearls. In a nook of this court where there was a little shade, we retired to rest ourselves, as there were no means of approaching the front, part of the buildings being on fire, and explosions of mines feared every moment. Two men of the 90th were in before us, and, assisted later by some of the 38th, we saw them appropriate money's worth enough to make them independent for life. The rooms off this nook had been used as stores by the King or some wealthy member of his household, and each moment these men went in only to emerge with a richer trophy. In one box they found diamond bracelets, emeralds, rubies, pearls, and opals, all so large and bright and badly set, that we believed at the time they were glass. In another was a pair of gold-mounted and jeweled dueling pistols, of English make, and the bill, stating that his Majesty the King of Oude owed the maker £280; then out they came with bundles of swords, gold-mounted and jeweled, which they at once knocked to pieces for the sake of the mountings, leaving the blades behind them. Next came out a huge chemical laboratory, then a gold saddlecloth, studded with pearls; then gold-handled riding canes; then cups of agate and jade, gold-mounted and jeweled; then—but I must really stop this broker's inventory. The happy possessors of these riches were quite mad with excitement. 'Is this gold, Sir?' 'Is that a diamond?' 'Is your honor shure that's raal goold?' 'Is this string of little white stones (pearls) worth any thing, gintlemen?' It was a great drawback to have a conscience under such circumstances—a greater not to have a penny in one's pockets, for in this country no one except an old stager on the look-out for loot carries a farthing about him, and, as one of the soldiers observed, 'These here concerns only carries on ready-money transactions?' He was an experienced operator, that gentleman. If a native soldier came in and walked off with any thing which he found in a dark corner, out pounced our friend upon him, rifle in hand, 'Leave that there, I tell you. I put that there myself!' and there was something in his eye which explained his meaning so clearly that the article was at once abandoned, and if found to be valuable was retained; if not, was 'made a present of.'

THE ZENANA.

"It may be imagined what a state of terror the Begums and their attendants were in when our men entered. They expected death every instant, and their agonies of fear were increased by the knowledge of the fact that some armed Sepoys were shut up in a room close at hand, and one shot might seal their fate. Huddled together amidst the smoke, they could scarcely be calmed by the assurances of the officers, who at once took measures to remove them to a place of safety. As they were going out, one of the ladies pointed out to Captain Hope Johnstone a box which he had just taken from the floor and laid upon the table. She told him it contained jewels to the value of ten lacs of rupees, or £100,000. He at once placed sentries at the doors, and gave orders that no one should enter. Having, with the aid of his brother officers, taken the ladies out of danger, he retired to the Zenana. It was blazing from end to end. The sentries only escaped by clambering up to the roof, from which they were with difficulty saved. The jewels were gone. Had Captain Johnstone taken them they would have been his, for the Kaiserbagh on this day was given up to plunder, and what each man could get became his property.

RESCUE OF THE ENGLISH LADIES.

"Almost immediately afterward, another native appeared and presented two notes—one from Mrs. Orr, the other from Miss Jackson, imploring immediate succor, as their enemies were making search for them. The officers returned to the nearest Ghoorka post, and called for volunteers; forty or fifty of these hardy, dirty, and loot-loving Calmucks stepped forth, and, with the native at their head as a guide, the party at a rapid rate started off on their errand of deliverance. They proceeded for more than half a mile through the silent, tortuous streets, expecting to receive a volley at every turn, when they came to a house, apparently shut up and abandoned. 'This is the house,' said the guide. At the noise of their footsteps the owner (Meer Wajeed Ali, Daroga of the Court) made his appearance, and began to stipulate for his property, but Captain M'Neil demanded the immediate production of the ladies, and, finding that he was resolute, the Daroga led him to an obscure apartment, where were two ladies in Oriental costume in a dark corner. At the sound of the voice, 'Are you the English ladies, and do you wish to leave this place?' those whom he addressed were not able to reply to the officer from excessive joy, and for a moment or two they were overwhelmed with thankfulness and emotion. But there was no time to be lost. The Moulvie and his followers were known to be searching for them. The ladies, clad as they were, descended to the street, and were about to be placed on the officers' horses, when a palanquin caught the eye of Captain M'Neil in the court of the house. Just as the ladies were getting into it, a few budmashes, with drawn swords, sallied out from an adjoining house to attack them, but a shot from a revolver and the bayonets of the Ghoorkas soon disposed of their resistance; and six of the Daroga's retainers being impressed as palanquin bearers, the party and a portion of the escort moved back as rapidly as possible to the Ghoorka post, and the poor ladies were placed in safety."

CHINA.

BARBAROUS EXECUTIONS.

The *Overland Friend of China*, in an account of the executions committed in Canton since the Anglo-French occupation, says: "One of the recent victims was a woman from the rebel districts, who actually killed a mandarin as he was riding on horseback. For this she was doomed to be cut in pieces. The horrid process of cutting in pieces has already been described in these columns, and there is no necessity for full details; but we are told by a gentleman who was present that before they tied her arms to the cross she made those signs which Roman Catholic converts are in the habit of employing when appealing to the foreigner for protection. Her cries, however, were in vain, and her breasts, the fleshy parts of her arms, the calves of her legs, and thighs, were cut off (the woman still living) before the knife was thrust into the abdomen, and twisted up and round the integuments of the heart. Thirteen men were beheaded at the same time. It is greatly to be regretted, we think, that these barbarities can not be made to cease while we are in Canton. Among the people the opinion has grown, no doubt, that Queen Victoria and the Emperor Napoleon sanction atrocities of this kind. Indeed, it is a remarkable fact that the panic of goods' moving increased after this display of 'blood' in a three-fold ratio to its previous existence. We have been told, though the source of our information is not of the best, that the deed having reached the ears of the 'Dictator' (Colonel Holloway and Captain Du Chenez are nonentities in the commissionership), he remonstrated with Peh, who assured him that the woman was executed by the express commands of the Emperor for the murder of her husband and his second wife. Her real crime was either as herein given, however, or the greater crime of being a Christian. The fact of the woman having crossed herself to the English witness may not be disputed. 'So exasperated was I at the sight,' said our informant, 'that with difficulty I restrained myself from using my revolver on the infernal blood-craving fiends.'"

A CANTON PRIEST'S HIDDEN TREASURE.

The correspondent of the London *Times* tells the following story: "Some days since a poor priest presented himself at head-quarters in abject garb and squalid plight, and told a piteous tale to the General how his little personal property, and his only change of raiment, lay in the Monastery of Celestial Bliss, now occupied by Colonel Hocker and his battalion. The General at once gave him an order to remove all his property from the place, and the priest prudently waited till the Colonel and the major part of his officers and men were absent on a *reconnaissance*. He then presented his order, and was led about by the officers of the day to recognize his property. The poor priest was accompanied by some servitors of his order. With their assistance he opened the pedestal of an untouched idol, and lo! a bar of solid gold and several bars of silver were exposed to the view of the astonished soldiery. Proceeding to another image, he abstracted some stones of great magnitude and price. Then he borrowed a ladder, and, mounting to the roof, removed a sheathing, and behold! a magazine of richly embroidered silks and costly furs, all which were duly piled upon the shoulders of the poor brethren. The guard were almost frantic, but the order was imperative. The poor priest was a true Chinaman. Having succeeded so far, he pushed his rights to the utmost. Lying about were some trophies and small matters which the absent soldiers had gathered together in other places and brought to these quarters. These also were put together. All was carried off; and when the reconnoitering party returned to their quarters they found them swept, but not garnished. Nothing was left but the hole in the roof and the disemboweled joss."

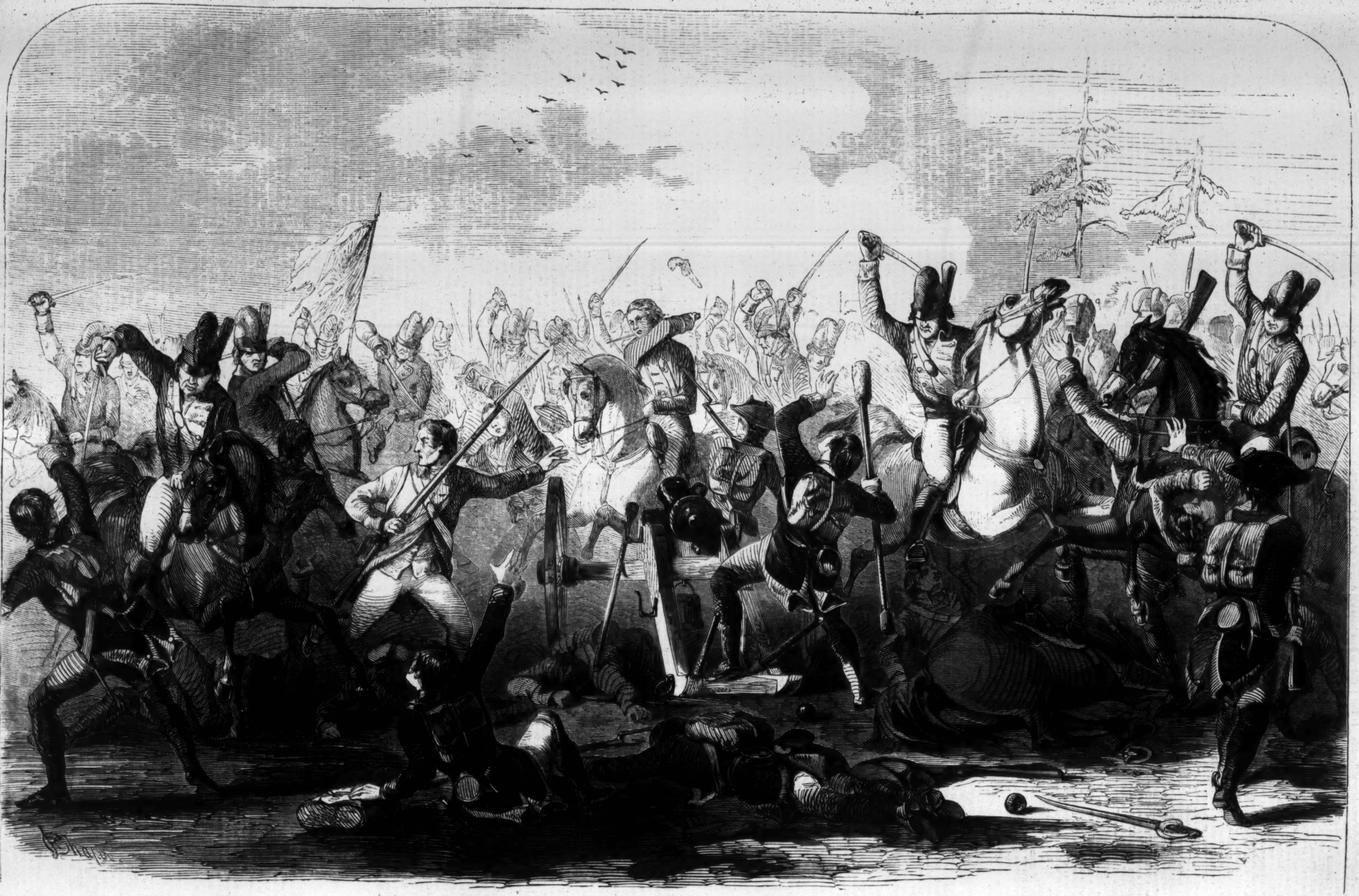
AMERICAN BOOKS IN CHINA.

An American missionary in China, writing from Macao to a friend in Brooklyn, says: "Soon after my arrival in China I saw a copy of the 'American Antartic Exploring Expedition,' which was presented by the United States Government to the Emperor of China, or at least sent to him. It was found by a merchant in a bookstall in Canton. A Chinaman offered to sell one of our missionaries a copy of 'Audubon's Birds of America,' which proved to be the identical volume that Mr. Cushing had presented to the Emperor when he made the treaty of Wanghia. The Canton officials probably sold these books and put the money into their own pockets, or sent word to the Emperor that the Americans had brought a small amount of tribute which would be credited to the Imperial Treasury."

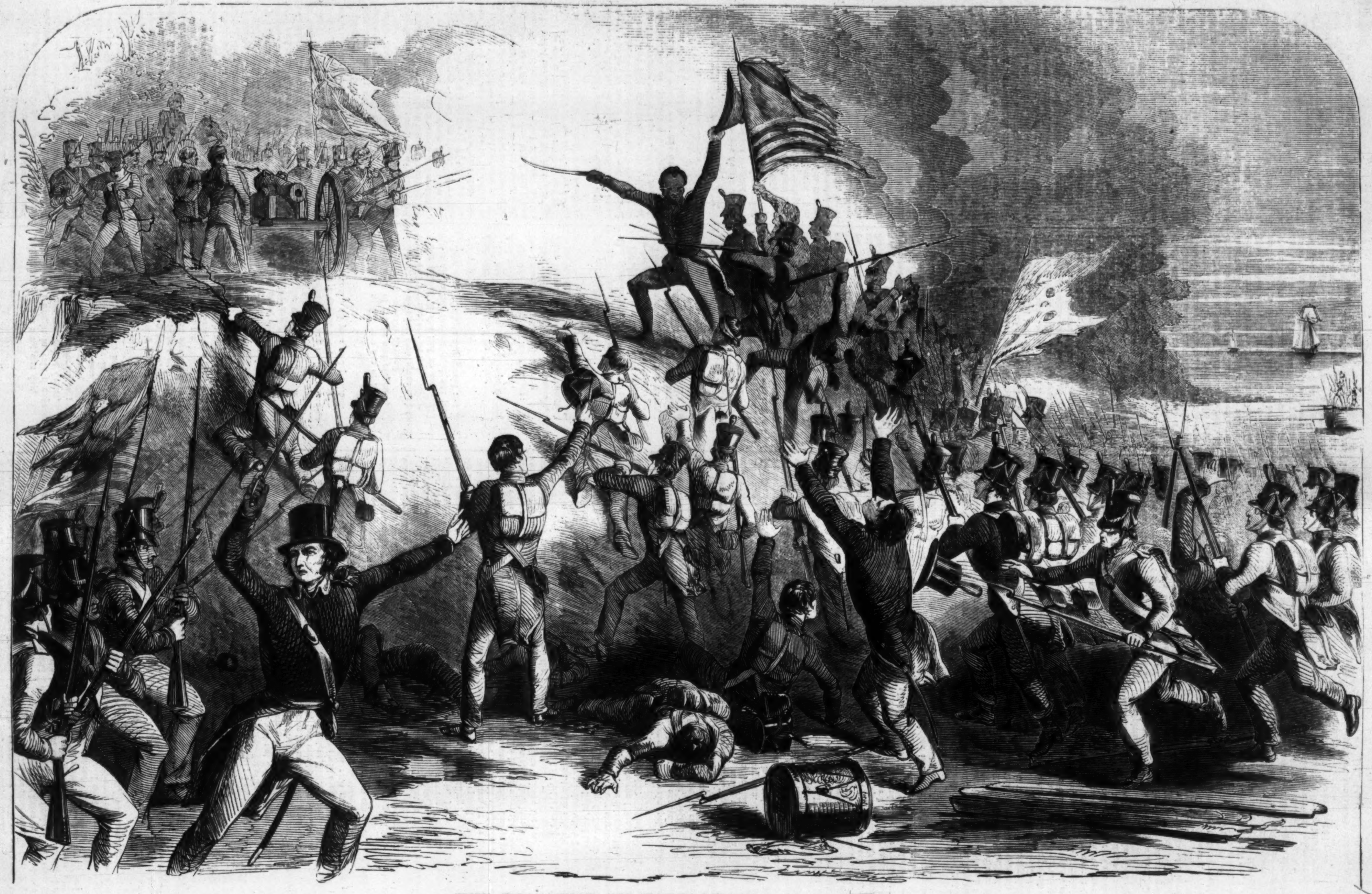
AFRICA.

EXPEDITION INTO THE INTERIOR OF THE GREAT DESERT.

A very interesting account is given in the *Moniteur* of the success of a mercantile expedition into the interior of the Great African Desert. A few months since (states the official journal) a caravan, composed of Algerian merchants, left Laghouat for Ghat, a town in the Great Desert, and the seat of a considerable market, standing about forty days' journey to the south of Tripoli and to the southeast of Laghouat. This caravan has just returned. Although they did not reach Ghat until after the period of the annual market, the merchants were able to make some purchases on which they have realized rather considerable profits. The inhabitants of Ghat received the Algerian caravan with all the liberality of Arab hospitality. For three consecutive days they furnished the diffa, or morning and evening meal, to all the persons of whom it was composed. The merchants of Ghat have been induced by this visit to come into Algeria, to carry on commercial operations, and lately a party of them, accompanied by a Fouareg chief, Sid Othman, and three individuals belonging to the same tribe, arrived at Laghouat, bringing various kinds of merchandise, such as gold dust, ivory, buffalo hides, panther skins, ostrich feathers, etc. This first journey was merely as a trial, but the hearty welcome which the merchants of Ghat have met with in Algeria, and the profits they have obtained, lead to a belief that they will be induced to return, and that advantageous commercial relations will be established between Ghat and the southern towns of Algeria. From Ghat to Laghouat the road is not much longer than from Ghat to Tripoli, and is much better and safer. Without exaggerating the importance of the exchanges which it is possible to make with the interior of Africa, there is reason to hope that continued relations may be established between Algeria and Ghat, that the ascendency of France over the Saharian populations will increase, and that French manufactures will derive much advantage from this trade.



THE BATTLE OF THE WAXHAWS, MAY 29TH, 1780.



THE STORMING OF FORT GEORGE, MAY 27TH, 1813.

BATTLE OF THE WAXHAWS.

THE week just ending contains anniversaries of two battles, one fought during the Revolutionary war, the other during the war of 1812; both of which were important in their results. To perpetuate their memory our artist has made the two spirited and faithful illustrations presented upon the two preceding pages.

The battle, or massacre, of the Waxhaws was fought on the 29th of May, 1780, on the Waxhaw Creek, about nine miles from the present Lancaster Court House, South Carolina. Sir Henry Clinton took possession of Charleston on the twelfth of May; and, having sufficient forces at his command, immediately determined to subjugate the whole State. He sent out three detachments in different directions. Cornwallis, who commanded one of these, learned that Colonel Abraham Buford, with a force of 400 Continental infantry, a small detachment of Washington's cavalry, and two field-pieces, was leisurely retreating out of the State, finding himself too late to assist Lincoln at Charleston. This force Cornwallis determined to annihilate. He dispatched against it Tarleton, with seven hundred men, all mounted. They marched 105 miles in fifty-four hours, and came up with Buford at Waxhaws, surrounding him almost before he was aware of his danger. Tarleton demanded an immediate surrender, upon humiliating terms. Buford wrote back decisively:

> "SIR,—I reject your proposal, and shall defend myself to the last extremity."

Contrary to military rules, while the conference flags were passing and repassing, Tarleton was making preparations for the charge, and the instant he received Buford's gallant reply his cavalry made a furious assault upon the unprepared American ranks. Having received no orders, and supposing that negotiations were yet pending, the surprised Continentals were thrown into confusion. Some fired, others threw down their arms and begged for quarter. None was given. Men without arms were hewn in pieces by Tarleton's troopers. One hundred and thirteen were slain, one hundred and fifty so maimed as to be unable to travel, and fifty-three were made prisoners. To show how utter was the surprise of the Americans, Buford's field-pieces were not even discharged, and only five of the British were killed, and fifteen wounded. Cornwallis praised Tarleton for the cold-blooded massacre; but on his return to England he was taunted with his cruelty, and Stedman, a British historian of the war, writes: "On this occasion the virtue of humanity was entirely forgot."

This blow spread consternation among all the residents of this region, who fled hurriedly from an enemy who had no mercy in his nature. Among the fugitives was the widowed mother of Andrew Jackson, and this, the first practical lesson of hatred to tyranny which young Jackson received, had doubtless an important bearing upon the character of the youth who was one day to be President of the United States.

THE STORMING OF FORT GEORGE.

THE Battle of Fort George was fought on the 27th of May, 1813, and the gallant Winfield Scott was the hero of the day. The plan for the opening of the campaign of 1813 was to take successively York, Fort George, and Kingston. Pike was killed at the assault on York. This was on April 27th. After various delays General Dearborn, with some five thousand men, sailed for Fort George. The fort was situated on a peninsula, which it commanded. Mr. Headley, from whose animated account of the assault and capture we quote, says: "Dearborn resolved to make the landing in six divisions of boats, under cover of the fire of the armed schooners. The first division, containing five hundred men, was commanded by Winfield Scott, who volunteered for the service, followed by Colonel Porter with the field train. The 27th of May, early in the morning, the debarkation began, and soon the boats were moving toward the shore. Fifteen hundred British lined the bank, which rose eight to ten feet from the water. Scott, rapidly forming his men under the plunging fire of these, shouted 'Forward!' and began to scale the ascent. But, pressed by greatly superior numbers, they were at length borne struggling back. Dearborn, who was standing on the deck of Chauncey's vessel, watching the conflict through the glass, suddenly saw Scott, while waving his men on, fall heavily back down the steep. Dropping his glass, he burst into tears, exclaiming, 'He is lost! he is lost!' The next moment, however, Scott sprang to his feet again, and, shouting to his men, he, with a rapid and determined step, remounted the bank, and, unscathed by the volley that met him, knocked up with his sword the bayonets leveled at his breast, and stepped on the top." This—the decisive moment of the action—our artist has depicted.

Crowding furiously after their commander his little band sent up their shout, and Scott immediately gave the signal to charge. The conflict was fierce, but short. The British line was broken; they fled; and Scott, mounting a prisoner's horse, led the pursuit. The garrison of the fort followed, abandoning the walls. They set fire, however, to the magazines; and being told this, Scott returned with two companies to save them. "One magazine exploded, and a piece of timber struck Scott on the breast, hurling him from his horse. Springing to his feet, he shouted, 'To the gate!' Rushing on, they tore it from its hinges, and poured in. Scott was the first to enter, and ran forward and pulled down the flag." The loss of the British was 250 killed and wounded, and 100 prisoners; while that of the Americans was but 72.

The fall of Fort George caused the evacuation of all the British forts on the Niagara River, Fort Erie among the rest. The action was, therefore, as important in its results as the conduct of the Americans was spirited and gallant.

A SKETCH.

I.

I SENT my Love a song one day,
In which I sought in vain t' express
My sense of her unmatched desert,
And, more, of my unworthiness;
But ah! so meanly of herself,
Though not of me, the maiden thought,
She saw no fitness in my lay,
And wonder'd why to her 'twas brought.

II.

She praised the beauty of the verse,
Declared I was a poet born,
Extoll'd, with artist-taste and skill,
The picture I had sweetly drawn;
But then she bade me look on her,
Whose only charm, she said, was youth,
And asked me, with rebuking smile,
How dared I thus outrage the truth?

III.

Yet, knowing well her modesty,
I so had toned the picture down,
So shaded her angelic face,
Which ne'er was darkened by a frown,
That I had feared to meet her eye,
When once the song to her was sent;
And when I caught her earnest gaze,
Had shrunk, all pale and penitent.

IV.

Sweet girl! so full was she of light—
The light of genius and of youth,
Her very atmosphere illumed
All things with her own grace and truth:
Were evil by, she saw it not;
For tale of ill she had no ear,
Since all to her seemed good and pure,
Save one, of whom she would not hear.

V.

And now no longer dare I sing
Of her, my Love, my dearest dream,
And robbed forever is my Muse,
Of this her one inspiring theme:
For better 'twere that all unsung
Her praises should for aye remain,
Than that a heart so gently strung
Be shocked by one unwelcome strain.

VI.

But yet while beauty still is sung,
And virtue has her sweet refrain,
And love-songs warble from the tongue
Of sighing lass or stricken swain—
So long her praises will resound,
Though angels only lisp her name,
For none can sing or grace or worth,
Who sings not my dear maiden's name.

DORA.

CHAPTER I.

MY diploma—precious document!—was in my hand; the voice of our president, so paternal that it amounted almost to a blessing, still lingered in my ear—above all, sweeter and deeper than all, was the glance of sympathy which met mine, so full of gentle triumph, so serenely tender, from the most beautiful blue eyes that man ever looked upon. In all that assembly I saw only those eyes, felt only the soft smile that beamed upon me from those blooming lips. How beautiful she was! so fair, so fresh—like an apple-blossom with the May-dew upon it! Never had she looked at me so earnestly before; and now, when I gave back her glance with a timidity which true feeling alone can inspire, it brought the color in a rich flood to her cheek and temples. How I reproached myself for the audacious look which had clouded that fair face with crimson! How could I dare recognize the glances of her sympathy so boldly! A sight of the long lashes that drooped over her cheeks, lovely as they made her, stung me as a reproach, and I turned my eyes away, first upon my diploma, then upon my companions, wondering if they had remarked me. Next me, with his diploma held carelessly, as if already forgotten, stood young White, the most brilliant and daring graduate of our class; for the world I would not have had his hard look upon my face, searching for the blissful secret which flushed it so warmly; but the direction which his bold eyes took filled me with sensations more embarrassing than his curiosity could have occasioned. He was looking earnestly at Dora; a haughty smile was on his lip, and in his eyes. I could have struck him down for the very expression of those eyes—they seemed to brighten over her downcast looks, and feed upon the blushes for which my soul humbly reproached itself, with insolent self-complacency. Dora lifted her eyes, and encountering the gaze that I had unconsciously fastened upon her, a shadow, it seemed, of displeasure sent the blushes from her cheek, and she turned away with an air of constraint that made my heart sink. For the world I could not have approached her had the crowd permitted it; and yet I saw young White detach himself from the group of graduates, and with his diploma held loosely, as the Roman orators carried their scrolls, for ornament rather than reference, saunter through the crowd to where Dora stood. The blushes came back to her face, ebbing to and fro like a tide, as he addressed her. She seemed restless and embarrassed. No wonder, poor girl! she knew that I was watching him; guessed, perhaps, at the condemnation and contempt with which I regarded his character—for of all our class he was the only man whose approach to the woman I loved would have given me pain. An egotist and an infidel, what had he to do with a creature like Dora?

The ceremonies had broken up; the crowd closed in between us, and they seemed swept away from my sight—this man and Dora Sandford. I would have given worlds to know if they went together—if the audacity of that man had reached so bold a point; but when I went swiftly forth into the street they were gone, and though I walked up and down for a full half hour before Dora's dwelling, they neither passed in nor out. So I went home to my solitary chamber, in a students' boarding-house, and sat down to think. The wide, wide world was before me. What should I do? where should I go? The past had given me knowledge and strength, the present was a single spot of ground upon which I might pause to breathe before entering the great battle of life. The future—I had no future but Dora, my bright, beautiful Dora, whose blushes had that night convinced me that my wild love was not entirely without its reward.

My profession, with a small sum of money, was all I had to depend on—that roll of vellum on the table was my title-deed to vague greatness, which should in the end be laid at Dora's feet. I had no professional aspirations that did not centre around this fair vision. The first grand passion of my youth left no identity to any other; ambition, every thing, was merged in my hopes of attaining Dora. While a student I had studied hard, with an ardent love of my profession; my youth had been filled with a burning thirst for knowledge; I longed to add something to a science at once so grand and so benevolent as that of medicine. Nay, in my studies I had early felt a peculiar interest in certain classes of disease. While the general science of medicine occupied my attention equally with that of my fellow-students, there was an absorbing desire to make myself the master of some disease which science had as yet failed to control.

This benevolent ambition—for I must call it so—grew and strengthened as I gathered knowledge. I believed then, and believe now, that few, if any, absolutely incurable diseases exist, and that science has a power as yet but partially developed over the human system. My ambition was not merely that of securing fame or wealth to myself. I thirsted to become a benefactor to mankind, and to this end my studies had been incessant.

But even this great ambition bent before my growing love for Dora—this unspoken but ever-consuming love, which, up to the night that gave me an authorized medical position, had been the dearest secret of my existence. Now it was a secret no longer. Dora's blushes had revealed her consciousness of my adoration, and her sympathy in my aspirations! But White, what had he in common with that gentle girl—or did he in reality address her? He might have recognized some person in the group of ladies that surrounded her. Still, it troubled me somewhat that Dora and he had disappeared at the same moment.

I sat up late that night, thinking over these things, with vague feelings of impatience that the good fortune which is the natural growth of exertion must be so long coming. I panted to be up and doing for my own sake, and for the good of humanity. The theories that had floated through my brain and fastened upon my convictions required the confirmation of practice; but where was to be my field of action, with a thousand cases of suffering humanity within half an hour's walk? How was I to reach the inner sanctuary even of a poor man's home, in order to test my knowledge, without years of patient waiting?

These were serious questions, that drove my hopes of Dora into a remote vision and dampened the triumphs achieved by the culmination of my medical studies. As the night wore on I grew feverish and restless; like a young race-horse panting for a field of action, I could neither repose nor act. Thought made me more and more wakeful, till eleven o'clock found me walking my room, as if mere physical exertion, that led to nothing, could aid me to plunge at once into a full course of action.

My room was a small chamber in the rear of a boarding-house, and overlooked the back yards of other buildings on the same square. In one of these buildings, a wing of which projected into the garden, Dora lived. It was at a window in this wing of the house that I had first seen her, twelve months before, stooping over a table as if copying manuscript or coloring maps. The delicate profile of her features—the golden amber of her hair—the cloud-like muslin of her dress, all came back to my memory as I walked the room that night, and, notwithstanding the lateness of the hour, I looked out half expecting to see her.

There was a light in her room that shone palely through the soft folds of a muslin curtain, leaving a glow upon them like that which summer moonbeams shed on the edges of a cloud. The window was open, and the curtains waved dreamily to and fro, but I could see no one stirring within. She slept, no doubt, sweet girl. I fancied her lying upon her snowy little couch, with her hands folded over her pure bosom, like a dove with its pinions furled. The very atmosphere around me seemed balmy with her slumbering breath. This young girl was to me like a flower that freshened the very air with her life—a magnolia, a white lily, a cape jessamine, whose very purity had a delicate richness in it.

It was something to look upon the curtains that shut her slumbers out from the night, and I lingered near the window, praying for her happiness in the very depths of my soul.

The night was very still; you could have heard a wren flutter upon its nest, had one even thought of building in the heart of a city. As it was, the dreamy quiet remained unbroken, and a tender starlight lay upon the grape arbors and young fruit trees that ornamented the yards. All at once I heard a rustling of leaves and the sound of voices in the neighboring yard—very low and cautious were these noises, but I knew that they were human, and that secrecy was intended. The voices, low as they were, seemed familiar to me, and with suspended breath I listened.

"Not yet, it is scarcely midnight—and it will be so long, so very long, before we meet again!"

The voice chilled me from head to foot—it was Dora's! I sunk upon my knees by the window, for all strength left me; my forehead fell upon my locked hands, my breath was suspended. Dora there, after midnight, pleading in those pitiful tones! and with whom?—who but myself had a right to her presence?

"It will not do. I must be gone now, my girl, or the fellows will miss me and ask awkward questions as they have before," was the rather impatient reply.

Now the blood rushed in a torrent through my heart. I sprang to my feet, clenching my hands hard, and a groan broke through my clenched teeth.

The man who spoke was Wilson White.

Then Dora pleaded—my angel Dora pleaded with this man White; pleaded piteously, only for a few more minutes of his time.

"No, no—not yet; only a few minutes more. I feel weak; I am ill. I shall die if you leave me so suddenly!"

"Nonsense, girl; I shall write to you!"

"Not often—not often!" she said, with anxiety. "There will not be time for many letters before you come. Will there?"

"Why, how impatient you are! Of course I shall come the moment I am settled."

"Oh, that may be a long time—weeks, perhaps months. Indeed, Wilson, it would kill me to wait months. Days will seem like years to me!"

"Oh, you will soon get over this. The sex always recovers from these extremes."

"But I love you; how can I live, then, without your presence?"

"How have others managed it?" answered the man, absently, as if not quite conscious of the force of his words.

"Others—others! what is this—what do you mean?"

"Oh, nothing—it was one of my infernal random shots. Don't turn so pale. It means nothing; upon my honor, it means nothing!"

As he spoke White opened a gate which connected the back inclosures, for the inhabitants of the two houses were old neighbors, and had arranged this means of communication between their dwellings. He leaned upon the open gate while finishing his sentence, then hurriedly held out his hand as if anxious to leave the poor girl without more words.

But Dora waved aside his hand, passing through the gate, and walked by his side till they paused directly beneath the window where I stood. The face was pale in the dim light, and her eyes sparkled like stars. Some deep feeling was aroused in her gentle nature. She was startled and earnest.

"Wilson, why not have this marriage ceremony before you go? How can I live through your absence and not your wife? Think what I may be called upon to endure."

Her voice quivered as she spoke, and she seemed trembling all over with excitement.

The man uttered a low, uneasy laugh, and seemed to offer her some careless caress, for she drew back a little, proudly, saying,

"It is but a minute. Any hour will do. At daybreak, before you start."

"Nonsense; I could not get a clergyman. What a little goose the child is!"

"It needs no clergyman. Any one can marry us. Indeed we can do it ourselves in this State. To-night, then, if there will be no time in the morning. I will stay here; call some of your classmates out; it will be informal, but enough. Will you consent to this, Wilson?"

"And whom shall I call out for this delectable ceremony?" said the young man, almost with a sneer. "Perhaps you would like young ——" Here the wretch uttered my name. "The fellow is in love with you, and I shouldn't mind calling him. I saw him gazing and you blushing, this evening."

"It was only because I thought you had made him a confidant, he looked at me so earnestly," replied Dora. "*Him* my confidant, and about our affairs! That is really too unsophisticated. No, no; the fellow is in love himself, and you rather encourage him, I think!"

"Oh, Wilson!"

"Nonsense; don't clasp your hands and look so pathetic. I'm not offended! Far from it. He's what we call a hard-working student, and such fellows always get on. If you have a caprice for the fellow, why that's all about it—I'm not offended."

"Wilson White, this is cruel—it is unmanly!" exclaimed Dora, in a voice sharp with agonizing shame.

"Then why talk to me about bringing a raft of these students out to see us married by starlight, as if you and I were not witnesses enough for any thing that regards ourselves?"

"But that ceremony such as lies between the creature and his God, even that is wanting between us two. In the name of my mother who is dead I demand that before we part some ceremony which shall make me your wife before God shall be completed."

The poor girl spoke earnestly and with dignity. White at first seemed impressed, then annoyed; at last he said, recklessly,

"Very well! give me your hand—both hands, if it will make the thing stronger. Now, I call your God to witness that from this hour I, Wilson White, take you, Dora Sandford, to be my wedded wife! Will this satisfy you?"

Dora drew her hands from his, and, covering her face with them, burst into tears. "Oh yes, I am your wife—I will be your true wife to the end of my days!"

"Hush, hush, we shall be heard!" he exclaimed, impatiently. "Now do be a good girl and go home, Dora!"

"Wife—oh, call me your wife before we part!" she exclaimed, creeping timidly into his arms and looking upon him with her tearful eyes and pale pleading face.

"Wife—yes, yes, you are my wife—I call God to witness it! Is that enough?" he said, kissing her impatiently, and half forcing her from his arms. "Good-night! good-by! take care of yourself."

She moved away a few paces, very dejectedly, and returned again.

"Call me your wife once again."

"A thousand times if you wish it; but do go in—the night is damp, and I am chilled to the soul!"

"And I too!" said poor Dora, and she glided away like a ghost, disappearing into the darkness of her home.

I witnessed all this—it had passed before me like a maniac's dream, burning itself upon my memory. I grew cold at heart. The first sweet romance of life was torn up, root and branch, but I grew strong under the very fire that hardened me. My love for Dora had not changed—could not change—but it was no longer a passion. I did not stop to think if she had fallen—if she was less holy than in my worship I had imagined her. She was wronged and helpless—this thought was enough.

I arose and paced the room, revolving over what had passed before me, thinking of Dora and her helplessness. She was an orphan, dependent upon her own pretty accomplishments for support. White, I felt sure, was about to abandon her forever. The vow that he had taken, solemn and morally binding as it was, I knew well he would mock at should she ever attempt to hold it as binding. What did he care for a vow before God who openly expressed a disbelief of the Divine existence? Alas, poor Dora! how could I help her? A thought struck me. Before a witness that vow was a legal marriage. Was not I the witness? had I not heard this solemn marriage vow uttered in the pure starlight, before the most holy God? The law required no more. If Dora was lost to me forever she was a wife, and I held the secret of her union. All night I walked my room in the darkness—twice I looked out toward Dora's chamber. Both times she was seated by the window, with the muslin curtains brooding, like a half-luminous cloud, over her; pale and tearless, looking wistfully in the direction of a room over mine.

In that room the young graduates were making a night of it before their separation.

Loudest among these revelers I heard the voice of White. My blood boiled with indignation as I listened. He was singing snatches of a bacchanalian song, which rang out upon the night with a clash of glasses and a broken chorus that must have penetrated that poor watcher to the heart.

As the gray of morning came on Dora disappeared like a mist from the window. Thus ended my first love-dream with the first night of my professional life.

CHAPTER II.

THE second year after this found me in a small country town in the northwestern portion of New York. An advertisement in one of the city papers had sent me there. A physician who had built up a practice in the town wished to sell out; and, from his account, the position promised to be a good one. Twelve hours after reading this advertisement I was on my way to the interior, eager to seize on any thing that promised a fair start in my profession. My first movement, after reaching the hotel, was to seek out the doctor's office and commence negotiations. It was a small white building with green blinds, surrounded by a picket fence, and with a tin sign on one side the door. I glanced at the sign. "Doctor White, Physician and Surgeon." Doctor White! the name startled me a little. I remembered the man who had so recklessly abandoned poor Dora, and for a moment shrunk from entering the office. But the name was a common one enough—there was scarcely a probability that this would be the man; and, if it were, what had I to fear? I had never wronged him, or any one, in my life. Why, then, hesitate to meet him?

It was an easy question; but when a young, honest heart has been wounded the owner may well shrink from looking at the instrument of his torture. I felt mine shrinking together, and my whole frame quiver at the mere possibility of meeting my fellow-student again.

I opened the door and went in. A young man sat in front of an open window with his feet resting on the sill and lying back in his cushioned office-chair smoking a cigar. He heard the door open, wheeled round, chair and all, looking at me through a cloud of smoke which he slowly emitted from between his lips before attempting to speak. It was White himself.

"Halloa, my fine fellow!" he said, reaching out his hand. "What pleasant wind brings you this way?"

His insolent composure swept away all my nervousness. I told him my business in a few words, standing all the time while he sat still.

"Oh, that's it—I thought so! your tastes were always rural—now mine are not. Paved streets and two pair of horses for me! But sit down. Here is a chair, and you will find a cigar in that case. Let us talk the matter over comfortably."

I sat down but rejected the cigar.

"Ah, temperate as ever!" he observed, knocking the ashes from his cigar with a fillip of his finger. "The same old fellow. Well, the ride is a pretty good one for this part of the country, and the prospects encouraging—that is, for a person properly recommended and circumstanced; but the old ladies have a prejudice in favor of married men. All right there, no doubt—noosed by this time, I suppose?"

"No," I answered, briefly.

"No? that surprises me. I thought you had a fancy for that—that sunny-haired girl who used to color maps in the window opposite our boarding-house. Not married to her yet?"

I did not answer. The blood rushed to my face, and I grasped my cane hard, so tempted to knock him down that my whole frame shook with the suppressed desire.

He cast a sidelong glance on my face, and I saw the slow blood mount to his temples. He turned the subject instantly, and began to converse upon the business in hand. I saw at once that he was disposed to join me to a hard bargain, resisted him resolutely, and at length we came to terms. Before I left his office furniture and ride were mine.

I went back to my hotel; a train had arrived during my absence, and coming slowly up from the dépôt I saw a young woman carrying a small leathern satchel in her hand. She wore a linen traveling dress, and a brown vail fell from the little straw bonnet concealing her face. As she passed me I caught a glimpse of her features: it was Dora—not the beautiful girl I had loved, but a frail, fair creature whose veins seemed filled with snow, and whose large, mournful eyes grew wild at the sound of laughter from a little boy who rushed by following his hoop, as if she had learned to think mirth out of place in the world.

A bench ran along the windows of the common receiving room which opened upon the long veranda where I stood. The sight of Dora took away my strength, and I sat down near an open window, unconscious that she had seated herself just within.

A light buggy-wagon came up to the door in which was a young lady, with a lad who drove the horse. The lady sprang out and ran into the house, throwing back her vail as she went. She was very like Dora, except that her hair was of a deeper brown and her eyes hazel instead of blue.

I heard a rush, an exclamation, and then the sound of two or three eager kisses, which seemed, however, all on one side.

"Dora, my dear, dear sister Dora!"

There was no answer, only a succession of low sobs.

"What, crying; dear, dear child, crying! But it is for joy. Oh, tell me it is only for joy! I would not have any human being shed a tear of grief to-day for the whole world."

There were a few murmured words that I did not hear, but their import was betrayed by the answer.

"Yes, Dora, it is my wedding-day. Why did I not tell you in my letter? Because we all wished to give you a little surprise, and him too. I do not think he knows that I have a sister—a half-sister, you say. Well, what of that? we had the same mother; and let grandfather think as he will, you are near and dear to me as if our fathers and our names had been one. There is no difference."

"Except that your father was the son of a rich man; mine, poor all his life: that you are an heiress, and I—"

"But it is not my fault. I am not of age. The property belongs to my grandfather, not to me, or I would have given you half with my whole heart. But never mind, to-morrow I shall be a married woman, with a handsome portion and a husband. Oh, sister, when you see *him* all the money in the world will seem nothing to the happiness of bearing his name."

"Then you love him very much," said the low voice of Dora, "and he loves you?"

"Love him! Oh, Dora, I am ashamed to say, even to think how much; and his affections make me so proud, so rich! The very thought of giving him pain would kill me, I am sure. But you shall see him; he will invite you to live with us, for we are going to the city. You shall never sew a stitch or color a map again in your life. Then kiss me, darling sister, and let us go."

"But you have not told me who it is that you are to marry, Charlotte!" said Dora; and I was sure from her voice that she was trying to smile and could not.

"Indeed! haven't I? It seems as if every body must know, but how could you? Well, he is a physician."

"A physician?"

"Yes, and his name is White, Wilson White!"

There was no answer, but that instant I saw a hand clutch hold of the window-frame close by me with a sudden spasm, as if it would sink into the wood, and then fall away again cold and stiff.

I sprang to my feet. That name went through me like a poniard; it seemed to have killed her.

Without giving myself time to think I went into the room, and, lifting Dora from the floor where she had fallen, I laid her upon a sofa, while her half-sister looked on silent from terror. At last she was about to run for help.

"Be quiet," I said, gently. "I am a physician; you require no one else; she will come to herself presently."

"Oh, Sir," cried the ardent girl, "what is it—what can have done this? She looked ill from the first; but the fit came upon her suddenly, like a shock of lightning."

"She is evidently delicate; the fatigue was enough. See, her lips are less blue. That is right; rub her poor hands. There, there!"

She opened her eyes while I was speaking, saw who held her hand, and drew it away shuddering, till we could see her frame tremble from head to foot.

"Sister," said the bride, while the tears ran down her cheek, "sister!"

The shuddering increased. Dora drew herself together, and shook till the teeth chattered in her head.

"Dear, dear, what can I do?" cried the young girl, appealing to me.

"Let her rest," said I; "call for a room. I will prepare something that will do her good. Return home for a few hours and send again. She will be better then."

Dora opened her eyes and gave me a look of thankfulness that went to my heart.

"No," said the sister, "I can not leave her; I will not."

"You must," I answered, firmly. "Physicians have a right to be tyrannical. My patient requires rest; I will see that she obtains it."

"But this is cruel, Sir."

"It is kindness to her," I answered. "You can do no good, but much harm here. Return later in the day—or, better, I will bring her myself to your house the moment she is well enough."

I led the young lady toward the door as I spoke. She resisted a little, and when Dora lifted her hand ran back with eager affection and bent over her. Dora made an effort to speak, but her lips only trembled; at last she said, in a hoarse whisper,

"When is it?"

"In the evening, dear, at nine."

"I shall be better—quite well before that hour," she said, and lifting her arms drew the young girl down and pressed her lips, around which the blue coldness still lay, to that rosy mouth, two or three times.

Then the young lady went away, and I assisted Dora up stairs, to a room that had been prepared for her.

She looked at me very earnestly as I laid her upon the bed, like a poor little fawn, shot through the heart, which feels itself bleeding to death.

"Be quiet," I said, gently, "and all will be well."

She looked at me with a strange, wild gaze, questioning me with her eyes, but not once with her lips.

"Yes," I repeated, "all shall be well. Listen, my poor girl. I know every thing."

She uttered a low cry. Her pale hands flew up and covered her face.

"Do not be afraid; do not tremble so, my poor child," I said, speaking as if I had been her father. "He did not tell me; I heard it by accident."

Her hands loosened their clasp over her face and fell apart. Her lips trembled, evidently with thankfulness that the man she had loved so fatally was not altogether base as my words had suggested.

"No, he did not tell me," I said; "but on the night when you parted in the garden I heard all that passed!"

She started up. "Then—then—you heard him say before Almighty God that I was his wife? You heard that? Oh! say you heard that!"

"Yes, yes, I heard it; and a very important admission it was, for by the laws of our State those words made you his wife."

She fell back as if I had shot her through the heart.

"His wife—his wife! God help me! God help us all!" she exclaimed wildly, struggling to get up. "God help my poor sister most of all! It is her turn now—her turn. Oh! what can I do? What will become of us?"

She sat on the bed, rocking to and fro like a demented thing.

"Yes," I said, "it is a legal marriage; no vows could be more solemnly taken. I was a witness; rest content; he can not marry another."

"But he will!" she said, grasping my arm with both hands, and piercing me with her wild looks. "At nine, she said; at nine."

I was frightened by the glitter of her eyes. "Lie down," I said, gently forcing her back to the pillow. "Promise me to try and rest while I go in search of this man. Have no fear; the marriage shall not take place."

"No, no; if I am his true wife it is impossible. I must be dead before he can marry her; that is the law, isn't it?"

"Yes, that is the law. Now try and rest; she can not be his wife."

She turned away her head, and I left the room, ordering a chambermaid to go up and sit by her as I went down stairs, for there was something in her eyes that made me anxious.

Doctor White was not in his office. A lad who loitered near the door told me that he had gone over to old Mr. Lincoln's, two miles away up the valley, and might not be at his office again for days, as he was going to marry the rich old gentleman's grand-daughter, Miss Charlotte Lincoln, that very evening.

Two miles away, and the sun almost at its setting! I asked the boy to point out the direction of old Mr. Lincoln's house.

I could keep the road, he told me, or take a short cut across lots and along the river, which was pleasanter by far.

It was the shortest route, and therefore I selected it. Leaping over the nearest fence into a meadow, I soon found myself on the banks of the river, a small stream that broke up through the greenness of the valley like a vein of quicksilver. I could see that it was very deep in places, forming dark eddies, and scooping out little coves in the shore. One of these coves was scattered thickly with water-lilies, now blossoming in great stars of snow, which were just beginning to shut themselves up for the night as I passed; for the sun was near its setting, and though gleams of gold still broke upon the water, those shadows which always hush the American lakes to sleep were slowly gathering there.

In all my excitement I remember feeling saddened by the stillness of the scene. Those closing blossoms seemed like pure human hearts from which all hope was withdrawn. Still nothing could be more tranquil than the spot; a flock of sheep had encamped on the bank; some were drinking of the waters before lying down, others had already selected places of rest in the ferns. Nothing in life could be more innocent, no repose could be more perfect. Yet my heart sunk, and I held my breath while passing this little cove.

A stone bridge, composed of a single arch, gave my first view of the spacious old farm-house in which the wedding of that night was to take place. I knocked at the door and inquired for Doctor White. He had not yet arrived, but they expected him every moment.

Which way would he come?

By the river, no doubt; he always walked, and was sure to come that way as the road was dusty and his horse at the farm.

I looked at my watch—it was near eight. I turned from the house with a sense of relief. It was far better to meet this man in the open air, away from the household to which I brought so much cause of sorrow. We should encounter each other probably on the river's brink, where I would tell him all that I knew, and forbid the unholy marriage he was about to make.

As I closed the door-yard gate the curtain was hastily withdrawn from an upper window, and I saw the beautiful face of Dora's half-sister looking eagerly out. She was crowned with white roses, and her bridal garments gleamed before me like waves of snow. The very sight chilled me to the heart. It was a terrible duty I was performing.

The twilight had deepened before I crossed the stone bridge and reached the little cove where the water-lilies were sleeping. This spot was about half-way between the old mansion-house and the town. I had seen no human creature yet, and began to fear that Doctor White had taken the road. But as I came near the cove a sound as if of something falling into the river made me halt to listen. For a moment I could hear the waters dash up and down against their banks; then came a rush of tiny hoofs, and a whole flock of sheep scoured over a piece of rising ground at my left, evidently frightened away from the bank by the noise I had heard.

I never could tell why, but that instant I forgot the man I was searching for and thought only of Dora. I ran forward to the cove, that moment concealed from me by a swell of ground and a clump of trees. It was almost dark; the shadows on the water were rendered blacker by the broad lotus leaves that had been lately disturbed, for I could see them ripple and surge up from the black deep as if some heavy weight had dragged them to the bottom from which they had just struggled free.

All at once a dark mass rose up from the depths of the stream, weltered a moment among the leaves, and sunk again. I saw nothing but this heap of blackness—heard nothing but the sough of the waters as they closed over it; but I was as certain then as I am now that it was the body of Dora Sandford.

I plunged into the river—I struggled with the tangled roots of the water-lilies—rose, caught my breath, and plunged again. Up from the tangled roots I dragged her. The ferns gave way in my grasp, the saplings broke beneath our weight, but still I girded her form with my arm and lifted that marble weight up the bank. The twilight still lingered faintly on the knolls. I saw her pale face, her marble hands—the golden hair black with dripping water. I took her in my arms, and strove to breathe some of my own life through her lips. I took off my coat and wrapped it about her—all that my knowledge or strength could accomplish I did, in the wild hope of bringing her to life.

It was all in vain. Then I lifted her in my arms, oh! so tenderly I clasped her close—so close to my heart that it grew cold as a stone in my bosom. I turned my face up stream, and bore her on—on along the bank, through the trees, across the stone bridge to the old farm-house.

It was one blaze of lights. I entered madly amidst the hum of voices, the rustle of wedding garments—the smiles and flowers of a happy bridal glowed and rustled around me.

They were standing up, hand in hand, before the minister of God—that bad man and the pure girl. The bridegroom looked triumphant, the bride timidly happy. The glow of an innocent love shed its roses on her cheek. I entered the inner room where they stood. The guests shrunk away right and left, as I hurried through them and laid the dead wife at her husband's feet. He looked down on that cold white face, from which the water was still dripping, and the false vow froze upon his lips, turning them to marble. Then, without a word of penitence or farewell, he turned and left the house—left it forever, before the bride could recover from the consternation which seized upon her. The door-yard gate closing with a heavy jar made her start. She looked at me—at the empty place by her side, and, at last, on the pale form at her feet. Then her limbs gave way and she fell upon her knees, crying out with a burst of sudden auguish, "My sister! oh, my sister!"

No look or movement even answered that cry. Dora was dead.

We found a note in her chamber at the hotel; it contained only a single line:

"I will not crush my sister as I have been crushed. He has ceased to love me. Without love, what is the name of wife? I may be mad, but she shall never suffer the pain which has driven me wild. Do not speak of what you know. I charge you with the breath of a dying woman; I charge you to keep my secret forever and ever. Let the wedding go on! Before nine he will be a widower: and I, oh my God, have mercy! where shall I be?"

It was impossible to keep Dora's secret. The sister read the note, every word of it, but beyond us two no human being ever learned the reason of that broken marriage.

I do not know that any one ever dies of disappointed love; but a great shock often develops latent disease. Charlotte Lincoln came of a consumptive family. She faded rapidly after the tragic death of her sister, and, spite of my care (for she became my patient in less than three months), dropped quietly out of the world. We laid her in the quiet church-yard, where she sleeps side by side with Dora. The forest trees on the outskirts of the grounds throw their shadows at even-tide quite over these two graves, and though you can see the steeple of our meeting-house from the distance, the town itself is invisible, and but few persons ever break the solitude of that holy place.

BEAUTY.

BY Heaven's law, the Jew might take
A slave to wife, if she was fair;
So strong a plea does beauty make
That, where 'tis seen, discretion there
Inhabits also. If we learn
That this illustrious vaunt's a lie,
The soul which can indeed discern
Sees ugly contrariety,
And laughs at Nature's wanton mood,
Which, thus the swinish thing to flout,
Though haply in its gross way good,
Hangs such a jewel in its snout.

ELEPHANT-WASHING IN INDIA.

The illustration we give below represents one of the most striking scenes of Indian life.

It is well known that the elephant stands even in more need of water than his master—man. Without a copious and constantly renewed bath the elephant loses his spirit and contracts numerous cutaneous diseases. In the wild state the elephant never wanders far from some deep pool or flowing river. He spends much of his time in wallowing in the cool liquid. Provided two inches of his trunk can remain above the surface, the rest of his huge bulk is most comfortable under water.

Accordingly, in India, wherever tame elephants are used, care is taken to bathe them regularly. They are taken to their water by the mahouts, and allowed to disport themselves for several hours at a time in the miry pools. It is said that they will play in the water just like so many boys; that they take the greatest delight in squirting water over each other, and occasionally regaling their driver with a shower-bath. He, meanwhile, is sedulously occupied in scrubbing the sides of his animal with hand and broom, nor does he consider his task complete till he has thoroughly scoured every part of the hide. The elephants enjoy the process as much as human creatures. The sight is very striking and novel; our illustration conveys a very fair idea of the scene.

THE NAPOLEON PLANT.

A correspondent sends us the subjoined representation of a plant, in the various disposition of whose stems and leaves the accurate searcher may discover three faces, which will be readily recognized as those of Napoleon III., his Empress, and Child. It is a riddle which each reader must rede for himself.

THE FRENCH DOCTOR'S STORY.

CHAPTER I.

THE EXECUTION OF CHARLOTTE CORDAY.

I am a son of the celebrated Comus, physician to the king and queen. My father, whose burlesque surname caused him to be ranked among the charlatans and mountebanks of the period, was a distinguished *savant* of the school of Volta, Galvani, and Mesmer. He was the first in France who directed his attention to phantasmagoria and electricity, and gave lectures to the court on natural philosophy. He was a great favorite with the unfortunate Marie Antoinette; and Joseph II. declared that during his brief visit to Paris he saw nothing more interesting than Comus.

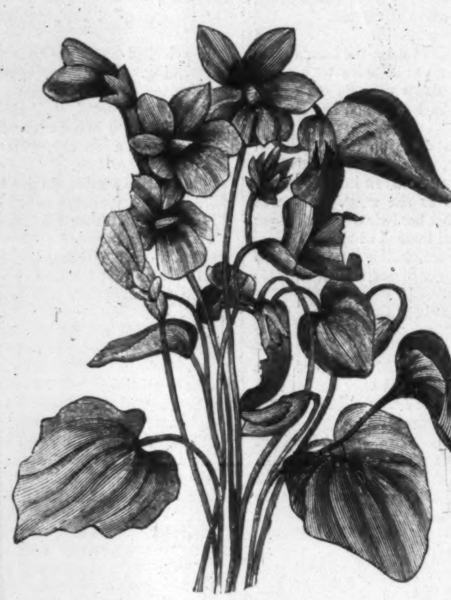
In the midst of all his court popularity my father occupied himself with the education of my brother and myself, initiating us into the mysteries of the occult sciences, and imparting to us many curious secrets in galvanism, magnetism, and natural philosophy, which, though now common studies, were then confined to a privileged few.

His title of royal physician caused him, in 1793, to suffer imprisonment, but, thanks to an acquaintance existing between myself and Montaigne, I was enabled to obtain his release. He then retired to the house in which I now reside, where he died, in 1807, at the age of seventy-four. But to return to myself.

I have already spoken of my acquaintance with Montaigne, but Danton and Camille Desmoulins were equally well known to me. I was familiar with Marat rather as a doctor than a friend, but still I was one of his intimates. It resulted from this intimacy, brief as it was, that on the day Mademoiselle de Corday was conducted to the scaffold, I determined to witness her execution.

At two o'clock in the afternoon I stationed myself near the Statue of Liberty. It was a sultry day in July; not a breath of air was stirring, and the sky, dark with heavy clouds, threatened a storm. At four o'clock these prognostications were fulfilled, and it is said that it was at the very moment Charlotte ascended the fatal car that the tempest burst forth in all its fury.

A young artist was engaged in taking her portrait when they came to fetch her from prison; but it seemed as though envious Death would not allow her pictured image to survive her, for the head was as yet scarcely sketched on the canvas; and, very strange to say, at the moment of the executioner's entrance, the artist was employed on the very part of the neck that was so soon to feel the sharp steel of the guillotine.



THE NAPOLEON PLANT.

The rain fell in torrents, the thunder roared, and the lightning flashed, but without dispersing the curious populace; the quays, the bridges, the squares, were crowded, and the tumult on earth almost drowned that of the heavens. The women loaded the expected victim with execration, and their murmurs fell on my ear like the sound of some distant cataract.

Long before any thing was to be seen, the eager crowd made way; at last I saw the fatal car breasting, like some doomed vessel, this surging human sea, and could distinguish the condemned woman, who was a total stranger to me even by sight.

She was a lovely creature, of about seven-and-twenty, with magnificent eyes, finely-chiseled nose, and superbly-moulded lips; she stood upright, with her head slightly thrown back—a position which, her hands tightly bound behind her back, obliged her to maintain.

The heavy rain had ceased, but as she had been exposed to its violence during three-quarters of the journey, her woolen robe clung as closely to her fine person as if she had just stepped from a bath, its fiery red color giving an aspect of strange and gloomy splendor to her proud and spirited countenance. At the moment of her arrival at the place of execution a ray of sunshine broke from between two clouds, and, playing on her hair, surrounded it with a sort of halo; indeed, though the crime of this young woman was murder—that terrible act even when it avenges humanity—it seemed hard to say whether I was about to witness a punishment or a martyrdom.

On catching sight of the scaffold she turned pale, and her sudden pallor was the more visible from the contrast of the red robe, which reached to her throat; but, almost immediately recovering herself, she regarded the frightful object with a smile.

The car stopped; Charlotte leaped to the ground, and ascended the slippery steps as rapidly as her long trailing robe and manacled hands would permit.

As the executioner removed the handkerchief from her neck she again turned pale, but with a smile that belied the momentary pallor, and an almost joyous bound, she of herself came forward, and, without allowing herself to be secured to the infamous machine, passed her head through the yawning opening. The knife descended, and the head, severed from the body, fell, and rebounded on the platform. One of the executioner's assistants, named Legros, then seized it by the long hair, and, in vile adulation to the multitude, struck it on the cheek. I could scarcely believe the evidence of my senses when I beheld a vivid blush overspread not only the profaned cheek, but the whole of the countenance, as though enough of vitality remained in the head to render it sensible of the indignity it had sustained. The crowd also beheld this blush, and took the part of the dead against the living—the victim against the executioner. They demanded immediate vengeance, and the miserable wretch was at once seized by the *gens d'armes*, and conveyed to prison.

As I was curious to know what possible reason this man could have had for committing so brutal and infamous an act, I inquired his place of confinement; and, learning that it was the Abbey, asked and obtained permission to visit him.

A decree of the revolutionary tribunal had just condemned him to three months' imprisonment; but he could not understand being punished for what he called so natural an act.

I inquired what reason he had for committing it?

"What a question!" he said, disdainfully. "Why I am a Maratist; I had just executed the sentence of the law, and wished to inflict a little punishment on my own account."

"But you do not understand," I said, "that this violation of the respect due to the dead is in itself a crime."

"What, then," said Legros, looking fixedly at me, "you think they are dead because they are guillotined?"

"Without doubt!"

"Ah! that shows you have never looked into the basket where they are all thrown together, or you would have seen them roll their eyes and grind their teeth for sometimes five minutes after execution. We are obliged to change the basket every three months, they destroy the bottom so with their teeth. You see it is a heap of heads of aristocrats, who can not make up their minds to die quietly, and I should not be surprised if, some day, one of them began to cry, '*Vive le Roi!*'"

Having now learned all I wished, I left the prison—haunted by one idea: that of these still living heads—and I determined to satisfy myself on the subject.

CHAPTER II.

ADELE.

I left the Abbey, and was crossing the Place Taranne, in order to gain the Rue de Tournon, where I resided, when I heard a woman's voice calling for help. I hastened toward the spot from whence the cries proceeded, and perceived by the feeble light of the moon, which at the moment passed from behind a cloud, a woman struggling in the midst of a patrol of *sans culottes*. The woman, on her part, as quickly perceived me, and, judging from my dress that I was not altogether a man of the people, she broke from the hands of her captors, exclaiming, "See, here is Monsieur Albert, who knows me! he will tell you that I am really the daughter of Mère Ledieu, the washer-woman!" and, at the same time, the poor, pale, trembling creature seized my arm, and clung to me as a drowning man does to the saving plank.

"The daughter of Mère Ledieu as much as you like, but you have not a civic card; and so, my pretty girl, you must accompany us to the guard-room," said the sergeant.

The young woman pressed my arm, and I was at no loss to understand her mute appeal. As she had addressed me by the first name that came into her head, I followed her example:

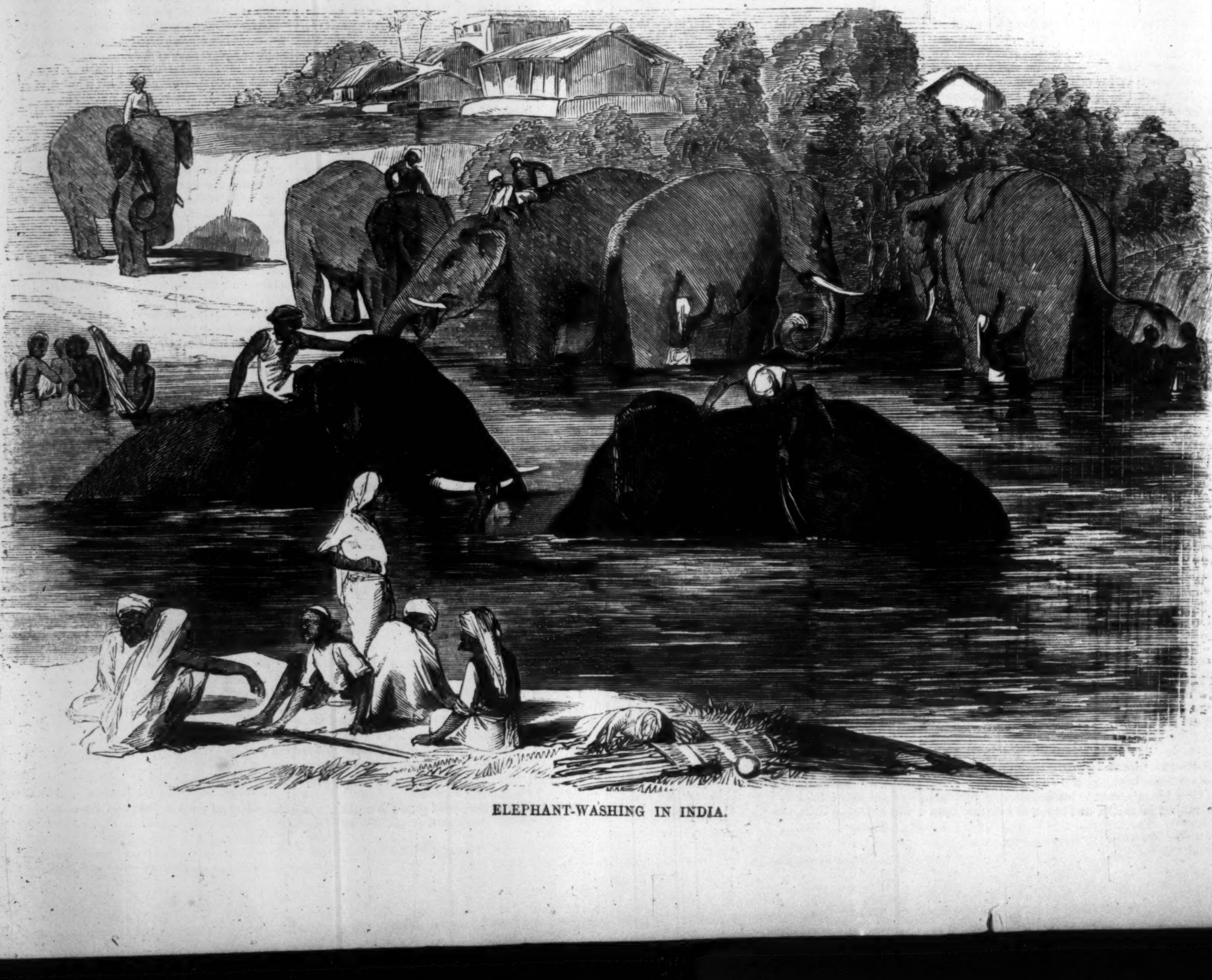
"What is it, my poor Adèle?" I said. "Tell me, what is the matter?"

"There! do you hear, gentlemen?" she exclaimed.

"It strikes me that you could as easily say citizens!" grumbled the sergeant.

"But listen, Monsieur!" said the young girl. "You must not blame me for speaking this, for my mother's business lay all in the great world; she accustomed me to be polite, so I acquired this habit—a bad one, I know, but I can not help it!"

There was in this reply, notwithstanding the trembling voice in which it was uttered, an imperceptible raillery which I alone understood.



ELEPHANT-WASHING IN INDIA.

I asked myself who this woman could be, but found the problem impossible to solve; though of one thing I was certain, that she was not the daughter of a washer-woman.

"You ask what has happened, citizen Albert?" she continued. "Fancy! I went to carry home some linen, and as the mistress of the house was absent, I awaited her return, for I had need of my money. Dame! every body had need of their money nowadays. I had intended to return home before dusk, but night came on before I was aware, and, having forgotten my civic card, I was surrounded by these gentlemen—pardon, I mean citizens—who would not listen to my explanations, but insisted on taking me to the guard-room. I cried out; you came to my assistance; I recognized you, and no longer felt alarmed: for, I said to myself, since Monsieur Albert knows that I am the daughter of Mère Ledieu, and am called Adèle, he will answer for me. Is it not so, Monsieur Albert?"

"Certainly," I replied, "I do, and will answer for you."

"Very good!" said the chief of the patriots. "But who will for *you*, my fine gentleman?"

"Danton; will he satisfy you?—is he a good patriot?"

"Ah! if Danton will answer for you, there is nothing more to be said!"

"Well, to-day he holds a meeting at the Cordeliers—let us go there."

"With all my heart," said the sergeant. "Citizens *sans culottes*, forward—march!"

The club of the Cordeliers was held in the ancient convent of the same name, Rue l'Observance. On arriving at the door I tore a leaf from my pocket-book, and writing a few words in pencil, requested the sergeant to carry it to Danton, while I and my companion remained in the custody of the corporal and the patrol. He complied with my request, and in a few moments returned, accompanied by Danton.

"What! have they arrested you, my friend?" he exclaimed. "You, one of our best republicans!" Then, turning to the sergeant, he said, "Be easy, citizen! I will answer for him."

"But will you also answer for her?" persisted the obstinate patriot.

"For her? of whom do you speak?"

"Of this young woman, *pardieu!*"

"For him—for her—for all belonging to him! Are you now satisfied?"

"Yes; but my greatest satisfaction has been seeing you," said the sergeant.

"Ah, *pardieu!*" said Danton, laughing, "you may have that pleasure gratis; pray regard me at your ease, while you have the opportunity."

"Thanks. Continue to sustain, as you have done, the interests of the people, and rest assured they will not prove ungrateful. Will you let me shake you by the hand?"

"Why not?" said Danton; and he gave him his hand.

"*Vive* Danton!" cried the sergeant, and "*Vive* Danton!" echoed the patriots, as they departed with their leader, who, when he had proceeded a dozen paces, turned and waved his red cap with the same cry, which was duly echoed by his men.

I was about to thank Danton, when his name, many times repeated, reached us from the interior of the club.

"Danton! Danton!" cried several voices, "to the tribunal!"

"Pardon, my dear fellow!" he said; "you hear I am summoned. One shake of the hand, and then I must return. I gave the right to the sergeant, so I will give you the left; for, who knows? that worthy patriot may perhaps have the itch!"

So saying he laughed and re-entered his club. I was left alone with the fair unknown.

"Now, madame," said I, "where may I conduct you? for I am entirely at your service."

"Dame! of course, to Mère Ledieu; you know she is my mother," was her laughing response.

"But where does that Mère Ledieu reside?"

"Rue Feron, No. 24."

The journey was performed in perfect silence, but I took advantage of the rays of the moon, now shining in unclouded splendor, to examine my companion more attentively.

She was a charming brunette, from twenty to two-and-twenty years of age; with large laughing eyes, a straight nose, rosy lips, and teeth like rows of pearl, which, added to hands and feet a queen might have envied, gave her whole appearance—in spite of the mean attire of Mère Ledieu's daughter—an air which might well have awakened the suspicions of the brave sergeant and his warlike troop.

On arriving at our destination we paused and silently regarded each other.

"Well, my dear Monsieur Albert, what is it?" asked the unknown, smiling.

"I wished to say, my dear Mademoiselle Adèle, that it was scarcely worth while to meet if our acquaintance is to be so brief."

"A thousand pardons! the meeting has been worth every thing to me; for if I had not met you they would have carried me to the guard-room, discovered that I was not the daughter of Mère Ledieu, but an aristocrat, and would then, probably, have cut off my head!"

"Then you acknowledge you are an aristocrat?"

"I acknowledge nothing."

"At least tell me your name."

"You know it already—Adèle."

"Nay, the name I called you at hazard can not be your true one?"

"Never mind! I like it, and shall retain it—at least for you."

"Why need you retain it for me, since I am never again to see you?"

"Nay, I do not say that. I only say that in case of our meeting again there is no need of your being acquainted with my real name, nor I with yours. I called you 'Albert;' keep that name, as I will that of 'Adèle.'"

"Be it so," said I. "But now listen, Adèle; confess that you are an aristocrat."

"Which, if I do not acknowledge, you will guess, and so rob my avowal of all its merit."

"And as an aristocrat you are pursued, and obliged to conceal yourself?"

"With Mère Ledieu, Rue Feron, whose husband was my father's coachman. You see I keep nothing from you."

"And your father?"

"Pardon, Monsieur Albert; though I keep none of my own secrets from you, those of my father must be held sacred. I can only tell you that he also is obliged to conceal himself, and that he is watching an opportunity to emigrate."

"And what is to become of you?"

"I shall, if possible, escape with him; if not, let him depart alone, and wait until I am able to rejoin him."

"And you were returning from a visit to your father when you were arrested this evening?"

"Yes."

"You saw what took place?"

"Yes; and learned the extent of your credit."

"Oh, my credit is not very great; but I have a few friends; and the one you saw to-night is not the least powerful among them."

"And you will use his influence to aid my father's escape?"

"No; I shall reserve it entirely for you. I have other plans for your father."

"Other plans!" cried Adèle, seizing my hand, and anxiously regarding me.

"If I serve your father, will you keep me in your remembrance?" said I.

"I will be grateful to you all my life," said she, with an adorable expression of anticipated gratitude. Then she added, in a suppliant tone—"But will you do it?"

"Yes."

"Ah! I was not mistaken," she exclaimed, joyfully; "I knew you had a noble heart. I thank you, in the name of both my father and myself; and, even if you do not succeed, we shall not be the less grateful for your endeavors in our behalf."

"When shall we meet again, Adèle?"

"When will you require to see me?"

"To-morrow; as I hope to have something good to communicate."

"Then I will meet you to-morrow."

"But where?"

"Here."

"What, in the street?"

"Good Heavens! what can be more safe? During the half hour we have been chatting here, not a single person has passed."

"But why will you not either admit me here, or else come to my apartments."

"Because, by receiving you here, I should compromise the honest people who have given me an asylum; and by coming to your apartments, I should compromise *you*."

"Do as you think best; but I will procure for you the card of one of my female relatives."

"So that your relative may be guillotined, in case of my being arrested."

"You are right; then I will bring you one by the name of Adèle."

"Excellent! You will see this will end by being my real and only name."

"But how shall we meet, and at what hour?"

"Very easily; at five minutes to ten be at this door, and at ten I will open it."

"Then adieu till to-morrow, dear Adèle!"

"Adieu till to-morrow, dear Albert!"

I took her hand, and would have pressed it to my lips, but she innocently presented her cheek.

That evening at half past nine I was at the appointed spot, and at a quarter to ten Adèle opened the door—thus we were both before the time. I hastened toward her.

"Ah! I see you have good news," said she, smiling.

"Excellent, but, in the first place, here is your card."

"Nay; first about my father," said she, gently repulsing my hand.

"If your father choose, he is saved."

"If he choose! but how?"

"He must put confidence in me."

"He does so already."

"You have seen him then!—you have again exposed yourself to danger!"

"Yes; but what would you have, my friend? I was obliged to do it, and God watched over me."

"And you told him all?"

"I told him that you saved my life yesterday, and would perhaps save his to-morrow."

"Precisely so; to-morrow your father will be in safety."

"But how? for pity's sake speak! Oh! if you are successful, what a fortunate meeting it will have been for me."

"Only," said I, hesitating, "you will not be able to accompany him."

"As to that, did I not tell you that my resolution was already taken?"

"Besides, in a short time I am sure to be able to procure you a passport."

"Let us now speak of my father. You can think about me another time."

"I told you I had a few powerful friends; I have seen one of them to-day—a man whose name is a guarantee for courage, honor, and loyalty."

"And this name is?"

"Marceau."

"General Marceau! Ah! you are right—what he promises he will perform."

"And he has promised to serve us!"

"Heavens! how happy you make me! but how?"

"In a very simple manner. Kleber has just been named commander-in-chief of the army in the west, and your father will accompany him as his secretary. Arrived in La Vendée, he will give Marceau his word not to bear arms against France, then some night he will gain the Vendéan camp, from whence he can pass to Brittany—to England. When he is settled in London, he can write to you. I will procure you a passport, and you can rejoin him."

"To-morrow!" exclaimed Adèle. "Then there is no time to be lost, for my father must be informed of your plans. But how?"

"Have you not your card, and my arm?"

"Ah, I forgot! give me my card!"

I gave it to her, and she placed it in her bosom; then, taking my arm, we set out, and proceeded as far as the Rue Taranne—that is to say, the spot where I met her on the preceding evening.

"Wait for me here," said she, and disappeared at the corner of the ancient Hotel Martignon.

At the end of a quarter of an hour she reappeared.

"Come!" said she. "My father wishes to see and thank you."

She led me into the Rue Guillaume, opposite the Hotel Mortemart, where, drawing a key from her pocket, she opened a little private door, and, taking me by the hand, guided me to a door on the second floor, where she rapped in a peculiar manner.

It was opened by an elderly man in a workman's garb, who appeared from his dress to be a bookbinder; but the first words he uttered, the first sentence of thanks he addressed to me, betrayed the aristocrat.

"Monsieur," said he, "it was Providence sent you to our assistance; it is true that you are not only able, but willing to save me."

I told him all. I related how Marceau had engaged to take him with him as his secretary, and to require nothing but the promise that he would not take up arms against France.

"I will make that promise with all my heart, both to you and the General," said the old man; "but when does he set out?"

"To-morrow."

"Had I better join him to-night?"

"When you please, monsieur; he will be prepared to receive you."

The father and daughter gazed at each other; at last Adèle said—

"I think, father, it would be more prudent to place yourself at once under the General's protection."

"Then I will do so; but what if I am stopped, for I have no card?"

"Take mine," said I.

"But you?"

"Oh! I am well known."

"But where does Marceau reside?"

"Rue de l'Université, No. 40."

"You will accompany us thither?"

"No; I will follow at a little distance, so as to be able to conduct mademoiselle home after you have quitted her."

"But how will Marceau know that I am the man of whom you spoke?"

"You must give him this tricolored cockade—that was the sign agreed upon."

"How can I show my gratitude to my preserver?"

"By trusting him with the safety of your daughter, as she has yours."

The old man wrung my hand.

"Let us go!" said he; and putting on his hat he extinguished the lamp, leaving us to grope our way to the outer door by the feeble rays of moonlight struggling through the small panes of the stair-case window.

They arrived at the Rue de l'Université without having encountered a single person.

"This is a good omen!" said I, approaching them, as they paused at No. 40. "Now, shall I await your return, or shall I enter with you?"

"No, do not compromise yourself further—wait here for my daughter."

I bowed.

"Once more, adieu, and thanks," said he, grasping my hand. "My tongue has not the power to express the sentiments I feel toward you. I can only trust that God will one day enable me to show all my gratitude."

My only reply was a silent pressure of the hand. He entered the house followed by his daughter, but before she left me, her soft fingers lingered an instant in mine.

Ten minutes afterward the door opened, and she reappeared.

"My dear Albert," said she, "General Marceau is indeed worthy of being your friend! listen to his delicate kindness. Knowing that I should be glad to remain with my father as long as possible, he has insisted on my passing the night here, and sharing his sister's chamber. By three o'clock to-morrow afternoon my father will be out of danger. To-morrow night at ten, if you value the thanks of a daughter who owes a father's life to you, come and receive them at Rue Feron."

"I will not fail to come; but has your father given you no message for me?"

"He thanks you for the use of your card, which he returns, and begs you will send me to rejoin him as soon as possible."

"You shall go whenever you wish it, Adèle," said I, with a suffocating sensation in my throat.

"But I must first know where to find my father," said she. "Oh! you are not yet rid of me!"

I took her hand and pressed it to my heart, but she again presented her cheek, saying, gayly, "Adieu until to-morrow!"

I returned home with a lighter feeling about my heart than I had ever before experienced. Was it produced by the consciousness of the good action I had just performed? or did I already love this adorable creature? I know not whether this night I was sleeping or waking; I only know that all the harmonies of nature seemed united in my soul—that the night appeared endless, the day immense—that even in defying time, I sought to arrest his flight, so as not to lose a moment of the days I had yet to live.

The next evening, by nine o'clock, I was in the Rue Feron, and at half past Adèle made her appearance. She hastened to me, and flung her arms round my neck.

"My father is saved!" cried she, "and by your means. Oh, how I love you!"

At the end of a fortnight Adèle received a letter announcing her father's safe arrival in England. The next day I brought her a passport, but at the sight of it she burst into tears.

"Ah, you do not love me!" she murmured.

"I love you more than life," I answered. "But I pledged my word to your father, and, at whatever sacrifice, I must keep it."

"Then," said she, "I must break mine; for if you, Albert, can let me depart, I have not the courage to tear myself from you!"

Alas! she remained.

CHAPTER III.

THE CEMETERY OF CLAMART.

THREE months had elapsed since the evening on which I spoke to Adèle of her departure, and the unwelcome subject had not been again mentioned. In compliance with her wishes I engaged for her a little apartment in the Rue Taranne, by the name of Adèle, the only one by which I knew her, while for her I possessed no other cognomen than that of Albert.

I had also procured for her the situation of under-teacher at a female seminary, as a still greater protection against the researches of the Revolutionary police, now become more active than ever.

The Sundays and Wednesdays we passed together in our little apartment in the Rue Taranne, from whence we could behold the very spot on which our first meeting took place. Every day we exchanged letters, hers being addressed to "Albert," and mine to "Adèle."

These three months were the happiest of my life, nevertheless I had not renounced the design formed at the close of my conversation with the executioner's assistant. I had already asked and obtained permission to make experiments on the duration of life after execution, and these experiments convinced me that the sensation of pain survived the stroke of the fatal knife, and must be most agonizing; for the blow, falling on the most sensitive part of the body, where all the nerves governing the superior members are united, the sudden severing of the spinal column, in which many of them have their source, would produce the most exquisite agony that it was possible for a human being to experience; and even if it only endured for a few seconds, during those seconds the consciousness, the individuality, would remain. The head will hear, see, feel, and be sensible of its separation from the body; and who can say that the brief duration of the agony would be any compensation for its intensity.

Unhappily, subjects for my experiments were not wanting, for the rage for blood was at its height. Every day thirty or forty persons suffered death; and so great was the quantity of blood shed on the Place de la Revolution that a ditch three feet in depth was obliged to be dug round the scaffold. This was covered with planks; but one of them turning under the foot of a child of eight or ten years of age, he was precipitated into this hideous gulf, and there drowned.

It is needless to say I carefully concealed from Adèle the nature of my pursuits on the days she was absent from me; besides, I must confess that at first I experienced so strong a feeling of repugnance toward these poor mangled human remains that I shuddered to think of the increase of suffering my experiments might cause them. But I reflected that I was studying for the benefit of society at large, and that if I could cause my convictions to be shared by the members of the Legislature I might eventually succeed in abolishing the penalty of death.

Accordingly, as my experiments progressed, I kept a sort of journal of their results; and at the end of two months had made every possible trial of the persistence of life after execution. Still I was not wholly satisfied, but resolved on endeavoring to push my researches yet further by the aid of galvanism and electricity.

The cemetery of Clamart had been given up to me, and all the heads and bodies of the guillotined placed at my disposal. A little chapel, built in one corner of the cemetery, had also been converted into a laboratory for me; for after chasing the kings from their palaces, the next act of the enlightened people was to banish God from their churches. I had here an electrical machine, and two or three of the machines called "exciters." Toward five o'clock in the evening the terrible convoy arrived. I took, at hazard, one or two bodies, and the same number of heads; the rest were thrown into the common grave; the next day the heads and bodies on which I had experimented were added to the fresh convoy. In these studies I was usually assisted by my brother.

In the midst of this hourly contact with death my love for Adèle augmented every day, while, on her part, the poor child loved me with her whole heart. I often thought of making her my wife, and pictured to myself the happiness of such a union; but, alas! that was impossible at present; for by the laws of France Adèle, in marrying me, would have been obliged to reveal her real name, which, being that of an aristocrat, an *emigré*, a proscribed person, would in itself have proved her death-warrant. Her father had written to her many times to hasten her departure, and, in reply, she told him of our love for each other, and asked his consent to our marriage, which was granted. Thus, so far, every thing was well.

But now, in the midst of all the horrors by which we were surrounded, one event occurred more terrible than all the rest, and which profoundly afflicted us both. This was the trial of Mariè Antoinette. It was commenced on the 4th of October—on the 14th she appeared before the revolutionary tribunal—at four o'clock on the morning of the 16th she was condemned to death, and at eleven o'clock on the same day she ascended the scaffold.

The same morning I received a letter from Adèle, saying she could not pass such a day away from me. I therefore repaired to our little apartment on the Rue Taranne, where I found her drowned in tears. I was myself deeply affected by this execution, for during my boyhood the poor queen had shown me so much kindness that I always retained a grateful recollection of her. I was haunted, too, by a vague presentiment of coming evil; and, though I endeavored to cheer and comfort Adèle, my words belied the feelings of my heart.

The night was even more melancholy than the day. I remember that a dog howled without ceasing in the apartment underneath. Next day we learned that his master had gone out, taking the key with him; he was arrested in the street, conducted before the revolutionary tribunal, condemned at three o'clock, and executed at four.

It was now necessary for us to separate, as Adèle's classes met at nine o'clock. The school was situated near the Jardin des Plantes. I hesitated whether to let her go, and she herself, poor girl, was very unwilling to leave me, but to absent herself for two days would give rise to investigations which might prove dangerous in the extreme. I called a fiacre and accompanied her to the corner of the Rue Fosses St. Bernard, where I left her to continue her journey alone; but, instead of myself returning, I remained rooted to the spot where we parted, gazing after the receding vehicle. It had scarcely proceeded twenty paces when it stopped, and Adèle put her head out of the window, as if she instinctively guessed that I was still there. I ran to her again, pressed her in my arms, and, imprinting a long kiss on her lips, hurried away. I fancied she called me again to her, but, fearing our movements might attract observation, I had the fatal courage to resist my inclination to look back.

I returned home in a state of despair, and spent the whole day in writing to Adèle; in the evening I sent her a volume.

I had just posted my letter when I received one from her, telling me that she had been severely reprimanded, and threatened with being deprived of her next holiday. This would be on the following Sunday; but she vowed that, even at the risk of being dismissed from her situation, she would be with me on that day.

I echoed her vow, for I felt that if a week were to elapse without my seeing her, which would be the case if the threat were carried out, I should lose my senses; the more so, as she had expressed some uneasiness concerning a letter from her father, which she found awaiting her, and which had evidently been opened.

I passed a bad night, and a still worse day. I wrote as usual to Adèle, and then, as it was one of my days for making experiments, I called at my brother's apartments, and, finding him from home, proceeded alone to Clamart.

It was a stormy afternoon, and the rain fell in torrents. As I hastened along the plashy streets I heard the public criers repeating, in a loud voice, a list of the day's victims.

It was a long one, and bore on its fearful columns the names of men, women, and children; the bloody harvest was abundant, and there was no fear of my wanting subjects for my evening's employment.

The days were becoming short; I arrived at Clamart at four o'clock, and it was already almost dark. The aspect of this cemetery, with its vast and newly-made graves, and its few and thinly-scattered trees, waving their leafless and skeleton branches in the air, was gloomy in the extreme.

In its midst the gaping pit awaited the arrival of its ghastly contents, and in preparation for the increased supply it was larger and deeper than usual. I mechanically approached the brink, and shuddered at perceiving that it was half-full of water. I could not help thinking of the cold and naked bodies so soon to find a bed as icy as themselves. As I turned away my foot slipped, and I narrowly escaped falling into the hideous depth; my hair stood on end, and, shivering with cold and wet, I hastened to my laboratory.

As I have before said, it was an ancient chapel, but I vainly cast my eyes around me to discover any signs of worship. The walls were naked, the altar shorn of its decorations, and where formerly rested the tabernacle emblems of God and eternity, now reposed a fleshless skull, symbol of death and nothingness.

I lighted a candle, and, placing it on my table, covered with strangely-formed tools of my own invention, seated myself beside it; and, resting my head upon my hand, fell into a reverie. I thought of poor Marie Antoinette, who I remembered so beautiful, happy, and beloved, and who, only yesterday conducted to the scaffold, now lay, her head separated from her body, in the common grave—she who had formerly reposed beneath the gilded hangings of Versailles, the Tuileries, and St. Cloud.

While I was indulging in these gloomy reflections, the storm redoubled its violence. The wind came in heavy gusts, making the trees bend beneath its fury, like fragile blades of grass.

To the noise of the elements was now added a sound like distant thunder; it was the red tumbril returning from the Place de la Revolution to Clamart.

The door of the little chapel opened, and two men entered, streaming with water, and bearing between them a huge sack.

One of them was the same Legros whom I had visited in prison; the other was a grave-digger.

"Here, Monsieur Ledru," said the executioner's assistant; "here are your affairs. You need not hurry yourself to-night, for we will leave you the whole batch: we will bury them to-morrow when it will be daylight, for there is no fear of their taking cold from passing a night in the open air!" And, with a hideous laugh, these stipendiaries of death placed their burden in the angle near the ancient altar, and quitted the chapel without closing the door after them, which began to swing backward and forward on its hinges, admitting gusts of cold air, which made my candle flicker, and almost extinguished the flame already burning pale and dim around the blackened and neglected wick.

I heard them unharness the horse, fasten the gate of the cemetery, and depart, leaving the tumbril laden with headless bodies behind them.

I felt almost tempted to follow their example, but something—I knew not what—kept me shuddering in my seat.

I was certainly not afraid, but yet the noise of the wind, the beating of the rain, the rustling of the trees, swayed to and fro by the blast, which made my light flicker and tremble as it whistled through the crevice of the half open door, thrilled my every nerve with a sensation of vague and nameless terror, that I vainly tried to subdue.

All at once I fancied I heard a sweet and melancholy voice, which seemed to proceed from some part of the little chapel, pronounce the name of Albert. For a moment I trembled. "Albert"—there was but one person on earth who called me thus.

My eyes wandered slowly over the little building which, small as it was, my feeble candle did not wholly illumine, and rested on the sack placed in the angle by the altar, the bloody stains on which told too plainly what were its ghastly contents. At the same moment I heard the name of "Albert," repeated in the same soft, melancholy tones, but fainter than before. I sprang from my seat, cold with horror, for the voice seemed to proceed from the interior of the sack.

I passed my hand over my eyes—was I asleep or dreaming?

At last, rigid with terror, I approached the sack and opened it. As I did so I plainly felt the pressure of yet warm lips upon my hand!

My terror was such that its very excess gave me courage. I seized the head, and, returning to my *fauteuil*, in which I sank more dead than alive, I placed it on the table beside me.

Then I uttered a piercing cry, for this head—the lips of which were yet warm, and the lovely eyes but half closed—was that of Adèle!

I cried three times—"Adèle! Adèle! Adèle!" and the third time the eyes opened, gazed at me, two tears fell from them, and then, a momentary gleam lighting them up, as if at that moment the spirit took wing, they closed forever.

I rose from my chair, mad with grief and rage, and half believing myself the victim of some horrible delusion.

I was rushing from the chapel, when the lappet of my coat caught the corner of the table, and it fell to the ground, dragging me with it. In the fall the light was extinguished; but, as I lay extended on the pavement, I fancied I saw the head roll near to mine, and felt the pressure of its icy lips upon my own. A shudder passed through my veins. I uttered a deep groan, and fainted. The next morning I was discovered by the two grave-diggers, extended on the pavement of the chapel, as cold, and almost as lifeless, as the stones on which I lay.

Adèle, recognized through her father's letter, had been arrested, condemned, and executed the same day. Thus the head that had spoken, the eyes that had gazed on me, the lips that had pressed mine, were the eyes, the lips, the head of Adèle!

Miscellany.

—Thus speaks Sir Thomas Overbury of

A Good Wife:

"She is a world of happiness, that brings with it a kingdom in conceit, and makes a perfect adjunct in societie; shee's such a comfort as exceeds content, and proues so precious as canot be paralleld, yea more inestimable than may be valued: Shee's any good man's better second selfe, the very mirror of true constant modesty, the carefull huswife of frugalitie, and dearest object of man's heart's felicitie. She commands with mildnesse, rules with discretion, lives in repute, and ordereth all things that are good or necessarie. Shee's her husband's solace, her house's ornament, her children's succor, and her servant's comfort. Shee's (to be briefe) the eye of warinesse, the tongue of silence, the hand of labour, and the heart of loue. Her voice is musicke, her countenance meeknesse; her mind vertuous, and her soule gratious. Shee's a blessing giuen from God to man, a sweet companion in his affliction, and ioynt co-partner upon all occasions. Shee's (to conclude) earth's chiefest paragon, and will bee, when she dyes, heaven's dearest creature."

—French homes are not famous—although those who know them best speak most highly of the home arrangements of the French. But here is a description of

A French Woman at Home:

She helps to cook the dinner she has bought—for servants are wasteful with charcoal, and she knows to an inch how little she can use. In that marvelous place, a French kitchen—where two or three little holes in a stove cook such delicate dishes, and perform such culinary feats as our great roaring giants of coal fires have no conception of—she flits about like a fairy, creating magical messes out of raw material of the most ordinary description. Yes, though a lady born and bred, refined, elegant, and agreeable in society, a belle in her way, yet she does not think it beneath her dignity to lighten the household expenses by practical economy and activity. The dinner of a French family is cheap and simple. There is always soup, the meat of the stew-pan—sometimes, if not strict in expenditure, another plate of meat—generally two vegetables, dressed and eaten separately; and sometimes, not always, a sweet dish; if not that, a little fruit, such as may be the cheapest and the ripest in season. But there is very little of each thing, and it is rather in arrangement than in material that they appear rich. The idea that the French are gourmands in private life is incorrect. They spend little in eating, and they eat inferior things; though their cookery is rather a science than a mere accident of civilization. At home the great aim of the French is to save; and any self-sacrifice that will lead to this result is cheerfully undertaken, more especially in eating and in the luxury of mere idleness. No French woman will spend a shilling to save herself trouble. She would rather work like a dray-horse to buy an extra yard of ribbon, or a new pair of gloves, than lie on the softest sofa in the world in placid fine-ladyism with crumpled gauze or bare hands.

—The mind needs exercise as well as the body; and intellectual idleness needs to be as much striven against as physical listlessness. Dr. Combe speaks thus of the importance of

Regular Mental Exercise:

The nervous system, like all other parts, is most directly strengthened by exercise of its own functions. It is, therefore, of much consequence to keep the mind and feelings as fully employed, and as regularly exercised, as possible, and never to yield to the dislike for mental exertion which nervous debility generally brings along with it. And in that state, the best thing we can do is to invite and encourage others to stir us up even against our will at the time, particularly as the *feeling* of inability is always much greater than the *reality*; and if we act upon the feeling, we are apt to allow our whole faculties of mind and body to become weakened from a mistaken belief of their unfitness for exercise. So sensible of this am I in my own experience, that scarcely a day passes in which I do not feel positively grateful for *being obliged* to exert myself, and to do many things, and to see many people, that, were I left to inclination, I fear I should often neglect; and the consequence is, that the more I have to do, and the greater exertion I am making, the more I am able to do, and the happier I become. Your system obeys the same laws; and therefore the more you force yourself to active communication with others, and the more you exercise your mind and encourage your friends to rouse you up, the more certainly and speedily will you acquire strength of mind and health of body.

—Move on is the motto of this age. He who stands still will be run over, trampled down, and buried beneath the feet of those who obey the age's law of Progress. Call it brass, audacity, recklessness, or what else you please, the one quality which most strongly tends to success, to progress, as to action, is

Courage.

A great deal of talent is lost to the world, says Sydney Smith, for the want of a little courage. Every day sends to their grave a number of obscure men who have only remained obscure because their timidity has prevented them from making a first effort, and who, if they could only have been induced to begin, would, in all probability, have gone great lengths in the career of fame. The fact is, that in order to do any thing in this world worth doing, we must not stand shivering on the bank, and thinking of the cold and the danger, but jump in and scramble through as well as we can. It will not do to be perpetually calculating risks, and adjusting nice chances; it did all very well before the flood, when a man could consult his friends upon an intended publication for a hundred and fifty years, and then live to see its success for six or seven centuries afterward; but at present a man waits, and doubts, and hesitates, and consults his brother, and his uncle, and his first cousins, and his particular friends, till one fine day he finds that he is sixty-five years of age—that he has lost so much time in consulting first cousins and particular friends, that he has no more time left to follow their advice. There is such little time for over-squeamishness at present, the opportunity so easily slips away, the very period of life at which a man chooses to venture, *if ever*, is so confined, that it is no bad rule to preach up the necessity, in such instances, of a little violence done to the feelings, and of efforts made in defiance of strict and sober calculation. With respect to that fastidiousness which disturbs the right conduct of the understanding, it must be observed that there are two modes of judging of any thing: one, by the test of what has actually been done in the same way before; the other, by what we can conceive *may* be done in that way. Now this latter method of mere imaginary excellence can hardly be a just criterion, because it may be in fact impossible to reduce to practice what it is perfectly easy to conceive; no man, before he has tried, can tell how difficult it is to manage prejudice, jealousy, and delicacy, and to overcome all that friction which the world opposes to speculation. Therefore, the fair, practical rule seems to be, to compare any exertion with all similar exertions which have preceded it, and to allow merit to any one who has improved, or at least who has not deteriorated the standard of excellence in his own department of knowledge. Fastidious men are always judging by the other standard; and, as the rest of the understanding can not fill up in a century what the imagination can sketch out in a moment, they are always in a state of perpetual disappointment, and their conversation one uniform tenor of blame. At the same time that I say this, I beg leave to lift up both my hands against that pernicious facility of temper in the estimation of which every thing is charming and delightful.

—What an injured race are the

Cabmen!

They are the sailors of great cities; sailors in the uniformity of their reckless attire, and their countenances reddened and hardened by weather exposure, and in the peculiar slang with which, using professional terms, they speak of all mundane affairs. They are sailors in republican contempt for worldly dignities and dignitaries. As sailors have deep contempt for all who do not understand ships, cabmen depise every intellect unconcerned with horses. They are sailors in their intense acuteness and decided inclination to swindle. Yet sailors—dirty, improvident, dishonest—have a poetical position among men, and, except among ship-owners and captains, Jack has the merit of a jolly dog, innocent as a puppy, prettily playful. Jarvy has no novelists and no defenders; for the street is not the sea, and we miss the sixpences extracted from ourselves. When we sit in the cab and look at the statue-like heap of old clothes on the box, steering us through the traffic of the city, we feel toward him as if he were the inevitable foe—as Cape soldiers regard a Caffre—as Christians once regarded the Jews. His affecting devotion to his horse, whom he drives slowly in conviction of the risks of a rapider pace, meets with no sympathy from us: we consider the quadruped as in league with the driver.

THINGS WISE AND OTHERWISE.

At the Jefferson County circuit, held at Watertown last month, a fair young lady had impleaded a faithless swain for breaking his promise to make her his bride. The action was being tried, the court-room was crowded, and some damaging proof against the plaintiff had been given. "Crier, call Mr. Gunn," said the counsel for the defense—his attention just then being withdrawn for a moment by his client whispering in his ear. "What's his Christian name?" asked the crier, a simple-minded pensioner of the court. "*Shot* Gunn," answered the counsel, *soto voce*. "SHOT GUNN!" shouted the crier in perfect simplicity at the top of his voice. The laughter of the audience was not allayed by a stentorian response of "Here!" from the midst of the crowd. The witness was sworn. His evidence elicited nothing in favor of the defendant, but it supplied an important link that was wanting in the plaintiff's case. "Mr. Gunn," said Sam, at the close of his examination, "you are *discharged*; you can *go off*. Brother C.," he continued, turning to the opposing counsel, "your Gun *kicked!*"

Along the line of the Illinois Central Railroad are mile-stones painted white, denoting the distance from Detroit or Chicago. In the cars one day a young lady, seeing the white stones, wanted to know "why there were so many grave-stones along the line of the railroad?" She shuddered when told they were by the graves of people that had been killed on the road!

Albert Smith once wrote an article in *Blackwood*, signed "A. S." "Tut," said Jerrold, on reading the initials, "what a pity Smith will tell only two-thirds of the truth!"

Prosy was boring Jerrold with a long story, and wound up with, "I thought I should have died with laughter." "I wish to Heaven you had," said Jerrold.

"That cat has got a cold," said a friend to Jerrold, pointing to a domestic favorite. "Yes," Jerrold replied, "the poor thing is subject to cat-arrh."

Some years ago, as Captain B——, of steamer *Water-Witch*, was passing down the Arkansas River, they had pressing need of an axe, and not having one on board, at the first landing the boat rounded to Captain B—— dispatched an Irishman to the nearest cabin in quest of one. Pretty soon Patrick returned with an axe; but when, after having used it, the Captain ordered him to return it, he refused point-blank. "Shure and I'd spake to the baste no more." "But what is the reason?" urged Captain B——. "Shure then an' I'll till ye. Whin I wint up to the cabin I saw a white woman fornenst, an' I axed her perlitely for the loan of an axe, and she telled me to ax her husband in the corn-field. So, yer honor, I wint up to the corn-field, and I saw a big black nager a standing there, and I ses to him, ses I, 'an' where's yer masther?' Ses he, 'I'm the masther;' an' ses I, 'I'm afther having the loan of an axe for a few minutes.' Ses he, 'Go down to the house and get it.' Well, I got the axe, Capting, an' as I wint by the door ses I to mesilf, 'Be jabers but I'll give her a shmall bit of my mind.' So I poked me head in the door, and ses I, 'Ain't ye ashamed of yersilf to be having a black nager for a husband?' An' ses she, 'Law, no! I had a sisther done worse than that;' an' ses I, 'What was that shure?' an' ses she, 'She married an Irishman.' An' bedad, I'll be afther spaking no more to the baste, Capting, biggin' yer honor's pardon." The "Capting" laughingly excused him from so unpleasant a duty.

"I was employed in my present occupation," writes a correspondent, "several years ago in a house of this city as book-keeper, and not an uncommon occasion is it to bring suit upon sundry individuals in these parts for a failure of a 'promise to pay.' It so chanced that a certain constable, who rejoiced in the plain cognomen of 'Walker,' and a curious old genius was he—peace to his ashes!—managed to get in debt to our house several dollars. After 'letting it run' some time after due, I proposed putting it in suit, when the proprietor said it would hardly be of use, for the man made it a part of his conscience *not to pay*. However I ruled, and, having got out 'the papers,' I handed them to the identical constable himself, thinking it might induce him to pay without further trouble. He read over the summons, etc., and put it in his pocket, and, after keeping the same about a week, returned the execution, plainly indorsed upon the same, 'NO PROPERTY FOUND; and,' added he, 'I never tried *harder* to make a small debt in all my constableship *—or, if I did, I have forgot the day and generation!*' Honest, don't you think?"

A critic one day talked to Jerrold about the humor of a certain novelist, who was certainly no humorist. "Humor!" exclaimed Jerrold, "why, he sweats at a joke like a Titan at a thunder-bolt!"

It seems to be so easy to be good-natured, I wonder any body takes the trouble to be any thing else.

In olden times there were "*five foolish virgins.*" We are afraid that there are fully as many as that number at this present day. Some of them were born foolish; some of them were made foolish by the examples of their weak-minded mothers; and some of them have made themselves foolish.

An editor acknowledges the receipt of a bottle of brandy forty-eight years old; and says, "This brandy is so old that we very much fear it can not live much longer."

What gentleman can, with any propriety, ask a *fat* woman to *lean* on his arm?

A ROLAND FOR AN OLIVER.

In a small town on the Susquehanna River there is a church in which the singing had "run completely down."

It had been led for many years by one of the deacons, whose voice and musical power had been gradually failing.

One evening the clergyman gave out the hymn, which was in metrical measure rather harder than usual, and the deacon led off. Upon its conclusion the minister arose and said:

"Brother B—— will please repeat the hymn, as I can not conscientiously pray after such singing!"

The deacon very composedly pitched it to another tune, with a manifest improvement upon the first effort, and the clergyman proceeded with his prayer. Having finished, he took up a book to give the second hymn, when he was interrupted by the deacon gravely getting up and saying, in a voice audible to the whole congregation:

"Will Mr. —— please make another prayer? It will be impossible for me to sing after such praying as that!"

There was recently a concert on the skirts of Newcastle, and the audience comprised some amateurs from a mine. In the course of the evening the Paganini of the orchestra stepped forward to play "a solo on the violin." His ambitious selection was the famous "Carnival," through which he struggled with exemplary courage, and at the end he dropped his bow and fiddle by his side, right and left, and made obeisance, expecting a burst of applause; instead of which his ears were astounded by an exclamation from the back seats: "Aw say, fiddler, are ye gaun to be all neet tunin' that fiddle o' yourn, or are ye gaun to give us a tune?"

A gentleman, on taking an edition of Gibbon's Rome to a book-store in Boston to be bound, was asked whether he would have it bound in Russia? "Oh no," he replied, "Russia is too far off. I will have it done here."

Let no repugnance to the single state
Lead to a union with a worthless mate.
Although 'tis true you'll find full many a fool
Who'd make old maids the butt of ridicule,
A single lady, though advanced in life,
Is much more happy than an ill-matched wife.

Whoever *felt* the pain of a pun so poor as this:
"The youth, with joy unfeigned,
Regain'd the felt, and felt what he regain'd."

During the two rival Democratic State Conventions that have recently been held in Illinois, a little weasel-faced man came up to Jake Newsome, a comparative giant in weight and height, and inquired of Jake, "Sir, which wing do you belong to?"

"Wing!" replied Jake, in a voice of thunder.

"Yes, Sir, which wing of the Democracy?" asked the little fellow.

"Wing! We belong to no wing. We're the whole bird, Sir!"

The art of phonographic reporting is the best ever invented, but nevertheless sometimes leads to mistakes. Not long since a member of Congress made a speech, quoting Latin, "*Amicus Socrates, amicus Plato est, sed major veritas*" (Socrates is my friend, Plato is my friend, but truth is much more my friend). This appeared next day in the report as follows; "I may cuss Socrates, I may cuss Plato, said Major Veritas!"

WEEKLY MARKET SUMMARY.

NEW YORK, *Monday, May* 24, 1858.

THE Wholesale Produce Markets have been well supplied with the leading kinds of Flour, at generally reduced prices, yet the demand has not improved, either for home use or for shipment. Wheat was received and sold freely, buyers having had any existing advantage. Corn was scarce and in request. It closed higher. A livelier inquiry prevailed for Rye and Barley, while Oats continued depressed....Cotton has been in moderate demand, at, however, easier prices....Teas and Sugars have attracted more attention, and have improved a shade, while other kinds of Groceries have been in rather limited request at drooping rates....Provisions have been moderately sought after, and Hog products have advanced slightly....Hay has been in good supply and fair demand at uniform prices....More activity was discernible in Tobacco and Wool....Naval Stores declined considerably, and closed heavily....The Spring trade in Dry Goods has nearly terminated. Some small orders for desirable goods, however, continue to reach jobbers. Prices of Cottons and Silks are generally well supported, while Woolens and Linens, in the main, tend in favor of purchasers. The auction sales are diminishing in number, and are unimportant. The week's imports of Dry Goods amounted to $762,144 against $657,732 the corresponding week in 1857. The imports since the 1st of January have been $18,718,876 against $40,368,845 same time in 1857. The movements in other commodities were moderate, and unproductive of any remarkable alterations....We append a revised list of the closing quotations for the leading articles:

Ordinary to extra State Flour, per bbl.	$3 80	@	$4 15
Superfine to fancy Western do. "	3 80	@	4 20
Extra Western Flour, per barrel......	4 20	@	7 00
Fancy to extra Genesee, per barrel...	4 20	@	6 50
Super to Extra Canadian, per barrel ..	4 20	@	5 50
Mixed to Extra Southern, per barrel ..	4 40	@	7 00
Fine to Superfine Rye Flour, per bbl..	3 00	@	3 40
Corn Meal, per barrel..........	3 50	@	3 87½
White Wheat, per bushel..........	1 03	@	1 25
Red Wheat, per bushel	82	@	1 10
New Crop Corn, per bushel	72	@	77
Rye, per bushel	68	@	69
Barley, per bushel..........	56	@	63
Western Oats, per bushel	41	@	42½
State Oats, per bushel..........	39	@	41
Jersey and Penn. Oats, per bushel....	34	@	38
Southern Oats, per bushel..........	26	@	32
Cotton, middlings, per pound..........	12½	@	12½
Mess Pork, per barrel..........	17 85	@	18 00
Prime Pork, per barrel..........	14 25	@	14 37½
Country Mess Beef, per barrel........	10 50	@	11 50
Country Prime Beef, per barrel........	8 00	@	8 50
Prime Mess Beef, per tierce..........	18 00	@	21 00
Beef Hams, per barrel	16 00	@	18 00
Cut Meats, per pound..........	6½	@	9½
Lard, per pound..........	11½	@	11¾
State Butter, per pound..........	14	@	24
Western Butter, per pound..........	12	@	20
Cheese, per pound..........	6	@	8
Rice, per 100 pounds..........	3 25	@	4 00
Rio Coffee, per pound..........	9¾	@	11½
Cuba Sugar, per pound	5	@	7½
Cuba Molasses, per gallon..........	22	@	31
New Orleans Sugar, per pound	4½	@	7½
New Orleans Molasses, per gallon	35½	@	37
Hyson Teas, per pound	28	@	60
Oolong Teas, per pound..........	32	@	55
Domestic Whisky, per gallon	21½	@	—
Bale Hay, per 100 pounds..........	40	@	70
Hops, Crop of 1857, per pound........	4½	@	7
Crude Turpentine, per 280 pounds ...	3 50	@	—
Spirits Turpentine, per gallon	45	@	46
Common Rosin, per 310 pounds	1 42½	@	1 45
American Fleece Wool, per pound....	28	@	45
" Pulled Wool	20	@	33
Kentucky Tobacco	6½	@	17
Seed Leaf Tobacco	9	@	35
Live Geese Feathers, per pound......	40	@	50
Tallow, per pound..........	10	@	10½

Freights were inactive, yet rates were maintained. For Liverpool—Cotton, 3-16d. @ 7-32d. per pound; Flour, 2s. 3d. @ 2s. 6d. per barrel; Grain, 9d. to 9½d. per bushel; Rosin, 2s. 6d. per barrel; Beef, 5s. @ 5s. 6d. per tierce; and Heavy Goods, 20s. @ 25s. per ton. For other ports proportionate rates. The total number of vessels of all classes in port on Saturday was 752.

The Live Stock Markets last Wednesday were less freely supplied with Beeves, which were in fair demand, and closed a shade lighter....Milch Cows were sparingly sought after, though much better animals were obtainable than could be had the previous week at our quotations. Dealers say that the excitement raised against Swill Milk has cheapened the price of Cows $5 @ $10 per head. With the clearing out of the Distillery Stables, the Cows' lives will be lengthened, consequently fewer animals will be required to meet the demand ....Receipts and sales of Veal Calves were very moderate....Sheep and Lambs were less abundant, and were in request at improved prices....Swine continued plenty and heavy....The reported receipts of Live Stock during each of the last two weeks compare thus:

	Week ending *May* 12.	Week ending *May* 19.
Beeves..........	3,589	3,159
Milch Cows	227	187
Veal Calves..........	907	942
Sheep and Lambs	5,845	4,557
Swine	12,463	8,712

Of the Forty-fourth Street Market supply of Beeves last Wednesday there were received from

Illinois..........	1700	Pennsylvania	81
Ohio..........	343	Kentucky..........	50
Indiana..........	197	New York	22
Iowa..........	93	Canada..........	15

The range of prices according to the actual sales of Live Stock at the leading City Markets last Wednesday was as follows:

Poor to first-class Beeves, per pound ..	$ 8	@	$ 10
Common to ex. Milch Cows, per head.	20 00	@	60 00
Veal Calves, per pound	4	@	6½
Sheep and Lambs, per head..........	3 00	@	6 00
" " per pound..........	10	@	12
Live Swine, per pound..........	4¾	@	5½
Dressed " "	6	@	6½
Roasting Pigs, each..........	1 25	@	2 50

The Country Produce Markets have been very tame. New Potatoes from Bermuda, with New Potatoes, New Turnips, Green Peas, and some Strawberries from the South, were the chief novelties. The demand was restricted. Long Island and New Jersey furnished large supplies of Radishes, Rhubarb, Asparagus, Lettuce, Parsley, Spinach, &c., for which a moderate inquiry prevailed. Butter and Cheese were inactive. Eggs were less abundant, and were a trifle dearer. Poultry (with the exception of Geese) was in fair supply. Game was quite scarce.

WHOLESALE PRICES OBTAINED BY PRODUCERS AT WASHINGTON MARKET.

Apples, per barrel..........	$4 00	@	$5 00
Apples, dried, per pound..........	5	@	7
Peaches, dried, per pound	20	@	21
Plums, dried, per pound..........	20	@	21
Peanuts, per bushel	60	@	1 25
Strawberries, new, per quart box	31	@	62
Beans, per barrel	1 10	@	1 75
Potatoes, old, per barrel..........	1 25	@	3 00
" per bushel..........	80	@	85
" new, per barrel	4 00	@	5 00
Onions, old, per barrel	1 25	@	1 50
Turnips, per barrel..........	75	@	1 00
" new, per 100 bunches........	2 00	@	2 50
Parsnips, per barrel	1 50	@	1 75
Carrots, per barrel..........	3 00	@	3 25
Asparagus, per bunch	12	@	18
Rhubarb, per 100 bunches	3 00	@	4 00
Leeks, per 100 bunches	3 00	@	3 50
Garlic, per 100..........	—	@	5 00
Parsley, per 100 bunches..........	3 00	@	—
Lettuce, per 100 bunches..........	1 50	@	2 00
Radishes, per 100 bunches..........	75	@	1 00
Spinach, per barrel..........	1 25	@	1 50
Green Peas, per barrel	3 00	@	5 00
Eggs, Fresh, per dozen	11	@	11½
Chickens, per pair..........	75	@	1 25
Fowls, per pound..........	10	@	14
Fowls, per pair..........	62	@	87
Ducks, per pair	88	@	1 25
Ducks, per pound	18	@	20
Turkeys, per pound..........	10	@	14
Pigeons, per dozen	1 00	@	2 25

RETAIL PRICES OF FLOWERS.

The season for selling plants will terminate in another week or two. It usually extends from the 1st of April to the 1st of June. This season has been a very poor one. The chilly, rainy weather has curtailed the demand.

Roses—Hybrid perpetual, each..........	$ 75	@	$1 00
Roses—Monthly, each	37	@	50
Roses—Running, each	75	@	—
Verbenas, per dozen..........	62	@	—
Verbenas—Lemon, per dozen	1 50	@	—
Verbenas—Lemon, each	15	@	—
Fuschias, each	25	@	1 00
Dahlias, per dozen	1 50	@	—
Climbing Vines—several varieties, per doz.	2 25	@	—

And each of the following roots at 75 c. per dozen: Moss Pink, Double Pink, Mullen Pink, Sweet William, Columbine, Rose Companion, Blue Victoria, Ragged Sailor, and Ribbon Grass.

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SCENE IN THE BRANDRETH HOUSE, MAY 14.—(Six gentlemen seated around a table.)

FIRST GENTLEMAN—This house is owned by the maker of the celebrated Brandreth's Pills, which have great merit. I have a brother who lives in New Hampshire, and who was for a long time sick. The doctors around did not seem to help him; his courage and energy failed; his step was feeble, and his countenance and eyes indicated constant physical debility. Finally he was prevailed upon to take BRANDRETH'S Pills, and, strange as it may appear to you, the first box put him right on his feet, and their use for a few months restored him entirely to perfect health. He thinks that DR. BRANDRETH is superior to all living men.

SECOND GENTLEMAN—I am from Buenos Ayres. The brother of ROSAS was for many years a bed-ridden paralytic. No idea was entertained that he would ever recover the use of his limbs. His case was supposed hopeless; but an enlightened Jesuit said "Try a few doses of BRANDRETH'S Pills; they may possibly benefit you." He used a few doses, and was helped. He continued them daily; he increased to ten pills, night and morning; he began to feel the circulation in the remote extremities. The use of the pills was further judiciously persevered in; suffice it to say, that in less than six months he was perfectly cured, having recovered the use of his limbs completely. He immediately had a picture of Dr. BRANDRETH painted, as his tutelary saint, and to this day he has burning before it two large candles, which he designs to continue, in proof of his veneration for the man whose Pills restored him to health. Mr. GRAHAM, United States Consul at Buenos Ayres, narrated to me the above facts, and I know them to be true.

THIRD GENTLEMAN—BRANDRETH'S Pills have made some cures here. A friend of mine, of large fortune and high social position, was afflicted with a dropsy. His physicians gave him no hope, advised him to settle his worldly affairs, for his time on earth was to be of brief duration. He was directed by a special Providence to BRANDRETH'S Pills; he read over a pamphlet relating to them; he took a first dose; he followed the plan of purgation right onward; his largest dose was fifteen pills in a single day. The absorbents were aroused to action—the excess of watery deposits were removed, and in the very prime of his manhood and usefulness, he was restored to vigorous health. Dr. BRANDRETH'S Pills have not begun to be half known yet.

FOURTH GENTLEMAN—I know BRANDRETH'S Pills are a wonderful remedy. In Jagrao, Rio Grande, Brazil, they were administered to a man who had been sick for five years, confined to his bed with inflammatory rheumatism. His limbs were contracted and drawn up, his hands closed and stiffened. He took the pills—four in the morning and four in the evening—and drank freely of beef soup, which was his only diet. In six weeks he was entirely cured, and rode six miles to see me on horseback. This cure, effected by BRANDRETH'S Pills, after many medicines and physicians had failed, caused the son of Dr. BRANDRETH to sell, at retail, $1700 worth of his pills in that little town in two weeks.

FIFTH GENTLEMAN—A Mr. UNDERHILL, of Westchester County, who fought in the War of 1812, is a great admirer of Dr. BRANDRETH, because, he said, his pills saved his life. He was suffering from a cancerous affection in his left breast, and had been under treatment three years without any benefit. He finally commenced to try the different patent medicines, but got no better until he began with BRANDRETH'S Pills. These taken every night, in doses varying from five to ten, cured him entirely in two months. Some time after he was badly hurt by a tree falling upon his back, but still he took BRANDRETH'S Pills every day. His surgeon told him they could do no good for a local injury, and that it would be at least a year before he could walk. In three weeks he was restored to health, and ascribes his recovery to them. He swears he will vote for BRANDRETH as long as he lives.

SIXTH GENTLEMAN—And these Pills are sold at No. 294 Canal Street, Brandreth Building.

FIRST GENTLEMAN—They are, at 25 cents a box.

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